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PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC

BY V. A. BARRADALE



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PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC



HOW THE BANANAS GROW.



PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC

Being Sketches of Missionary Life and Work in Samoa and other Islands in the South Seas

BY

V. A. BARRADALE, M.A.

(FORMERLY OF THE MALUA INSTITUTION, SAMOA)

WITH NINETY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

London

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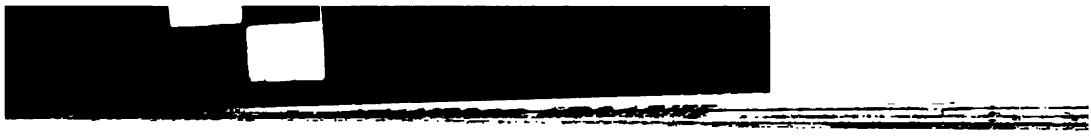
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Dedicated to

MY PARENTS, WHO BEQUEATHED TO ME THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT;
MY FOSTER-PARENTS, WHO LOVINGLY CHERISHED IT;
MY WIFE, WHO BRAVELY SHARED IT;
AND MY CHURCH, WHICH GENEROUSLY HONOURS IT.

PREFACE

MY aim in *Pearls of the Pacific* is to give boys and girls a clear, true picture of life, as well as Mission work, in the South Seas.

My own experience of this life and work was all too short; it was limited to three brief, happy years in Samoa, and therefore my main purpose has been to write of what I have seen. That, and that alone, accounts for Samoa filling so large a space in the following pages.

My best thanks are due to my friends and former colleagues, the Revs. J. E. Newell, of Malua, and Walter Huckett, formerly of Apia, for much valuable and suggestive information (indeed, the book could not have been brought up to date without the help of the former); also to my school-fellow and college friend, the Rev. L. H. Gaunt, M.A., the London Missionary Society's Editor, for much kindly editorial assistance.

I wish also to express my deep indebtedness to Mr. A. Tattersall, of Apia, and my friend and former colleague, Mr. H. S. Griffin, of the L.M.S. Printing Press, Malua, for the use of their photographs.

V. A. BARRADALE.

CUCKFIELD,

June 1, 1906.

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CHAPTER I

SAMOA AND OTHER PEARLS

"OH, bother it, where's Samoa?" says Dick (Dick being, of course, the typical boy, who likes to use slang). "Oh, dear me, I don't know where Samoa is," says Mary (who shall stand for the typical girl). Well, let me say straight away for your comfort, that it is not altogether surprising if you do not know where Samoa is. It is not a very large place, and it is not a British colony (or you would be sure to know), and it is a very long way off; moreover (let us whisper it), even some of your fathers and mothers do not seem to know where it is. When I lived there, sometimes letters used to be sent to us, addressed to

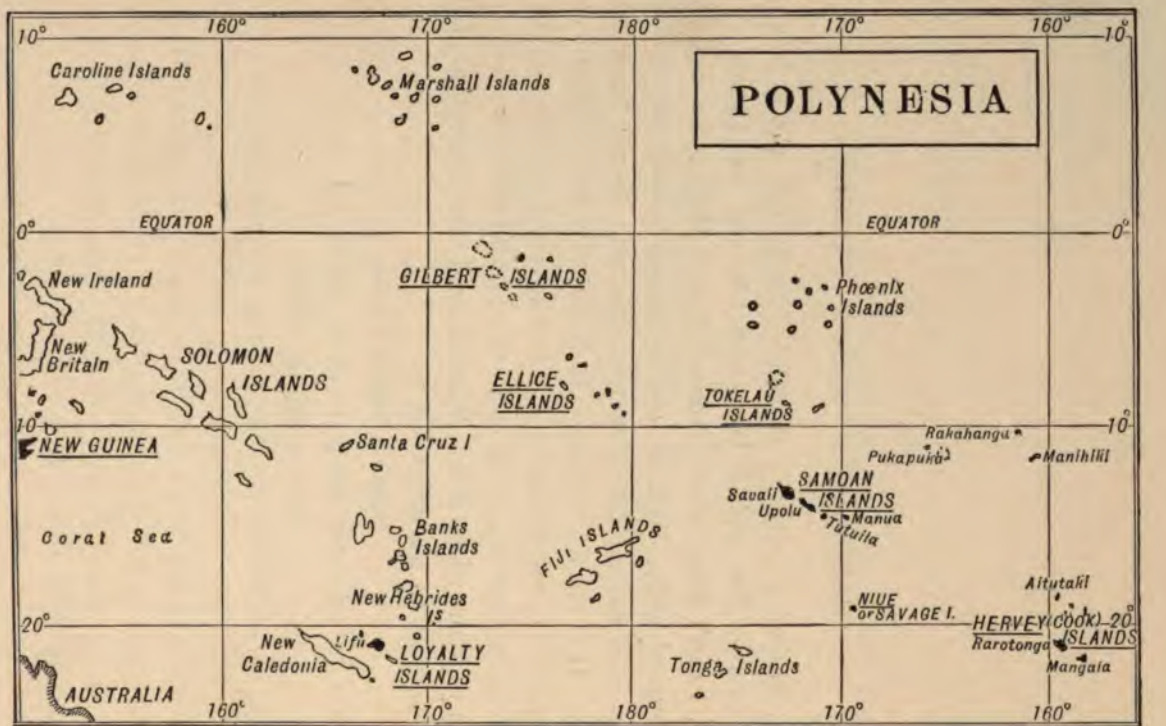
Samoa, South *China*,

and once a parcel came safely to hand, addressed to

Samoa, South *Africa*.

You might think those were only slips of the pen, but two or three times at Missionary conversaziones (there's a long word—I hope you will look it up in father's dictionary) I have been asked, "However did you manage to get along during those terrible Boxer troubles?" Now, seeing the Boxer troubles arose in China, evidently these good people also thought that Samoa was in China.

Let me tell you then what it is and where it is. Samoa is *not*



(*Tahiti, in the* SOCIETY ISLANDS, *is not shown in this map. It lies about* 650 *miles to the N.E. of the Cook Islands.*)

the name of *an island* (some ministers do not know that, though sometimes they are expected to know almost everything); it is the name of a *group of ten islands*. And the islands are not in China or South Africa, but in the South Seas, which is another name for the southern part of the Pacific Ocean.

If you will take your atlas and look at the map of the world (or, if there is a "globe" at school, that will do better still), you will see to the north of New Zealand a lot of dots, almost as if baby had been trying to write. Those dots represent islands, and amongst those islands you will see the words "*Samoa, or Navigators' Islands.*" And if you will look at the Map of Samoa in this book you will see that the four largest islands are called SAVAII, UPOLU, TUTUILA and MANUA. Aren't they curious names? I think next time you see a missionary from Samoa you had better ask him how to pronounce them.

Those are the largest islands; but after all they are not very large. Some of you have been to the Isle of Wight, and know what a small island that is; well, Savaii, the *largest* island in Samoa, is only about twice as long as the Isle of Wight, and not quite twice as wide. Samoa is the native name of the group, and it is the name which everybody uses now; the name of *Navigators' Isles* was given by the Frenchman who discovered them; because he saw the people so often paddling about in their canoes, he thought they must be good navigators. And he was quite right; the Samoans are fearless sailors and clever fishermen (and fisher-women too), and they are almost all skilful swimmers.

I have told you that Samoa is not a British colony. It partly belongs to Germany and partly to the United States of America. But the London Missionary Society was the first Missionary Society

to go there, and it is of the work that it has done, and is still doing so well, that I wish to write.

We all know, then, by this time, that Samoa is in the South Seas; but perhaps we do not quite realize how far away it is. There are two ways of going there. You can take a steamer from Liverpool to New York, and then go by train right across America, from New York to San Francisco, and then catch another steamer from San



PAGOPAGO HARBOUR, TUTUILA, SAMOA.

Francisco to Samoa. That journey will take you about a month. But there is a cheaper way to go, and that is by sea all the way from London to Samoa. If you were to go that way you would have to change steamers at Sydney, in Australia, and you would be eight or nine weeks in getting to the end of your voyage. In fact, Samoa is just about as far away from England as it can be. It is 3,000 miles further than Sydney, and Sydney is more than 12,000 miles from London, so some of you who are quick at sums will be able to reckon how

far Samoa is from England. Did some one say, "*about* 15,000 *miles?*" Yes, that's right!

Now I want you boys and girls who are fond of jumping to take that big jump with me. Jump 15,000 miles (only in fancy, of course; I don't want any of you to be afraid and stay behind), jump all the way from England to the South Seas. I hope we shan't jump *into* the sea; we shouldn't drown if we did happen to jump just a little short, because the natives would soon hop over the sides of their boats and swim out to save us; but we might get our clothes wet or frighten a shark, and as we do not wish to be uncomfortable ourselves or make others uncomfortable, I hope we shall all jump the whole way, right on to the land. *One, two, three, and away we go!* . . .

And while we are on the way, I can explain the title of this book, "PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC." Samoa is a very hot country and very damp; it is not the best place for white people to live in, because it is often steamy like a greenhouse; but plants and trees grow splendidly, and cover nearly the whole of the islands, and so it looks a very beautiful place, and for that reason Samoa has been called the "*Pearl of the Pacific.*"

But what are the other "*pearls.*" Please look again at the map on page 14, and you will see a long word—*Polynesia*. It only means "many islands," and these "many islands" are for the most part fair and beautiful like Samoa. So when I call this book "PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC," you will understand that I want to tell you about Samoa mostly, but something also about other beautiful islands in the Southern Seas where missionaries have lived and worked for Jesus.

Now if you are still looking at the map, you will see a note at the bottom saying that Tahiti, in the Society Islands, is away to the N.E. of



PAGOPAGO HARBOUR, SAMOA.

the Cook Islands. It is a pity we could not show the Society Islands in this map, but you will be able to find them in your school atlas.

It was to Tahiti that the first missionaries of the London Missionary Society were sent. They sailed from England in 1796 in the *Duff*, commanded by Captain Wilson (so you see our Society is 110 years old this year), and it took them nearly seven months to reach Tahiti. When they got there they had many difficulties to overcome, and eleven long years passed by before any of the people gave up their idols and began to love Jesus. But after that King Pomare and some of the native chiefs and many of the people became Christians.

Here is a true story, which shows how Christianity changed their lives: In the island of Raiatea, not very far from Tahiti, King Tamatoa became a Christian. Some of the people followed his good example; but the heathen priests and most of the people were so angry at this that they waged war upon them. Tamatoa was victorious, but instead of killing the rebel chiefs, he invited them to a great feast, to show them how kind the religion of Christ made even savages become.

The missionary who, more than any one else, was the means of spreading the Gospel abroad amongst the islands of the South Seas was JOHN WILLIAMS. He worked first in the Society Islands, and afterwards was the means of taking the Gospel to Aitutaki and Mangaia and Rarotonga, all islands of the Hervey or Cook Group. (Please look on the map on page 14, and see where they are.) While he was at Rarotonga, with the help of the natives he actually built a ship for himself, that he might travel about in safety from island to island. He called this vessel *The Messenger of Peace*. Was not that a suitable name for the ship that was to carry the Gospel of

Peace? In the *Messenger of Peace* John Williams visited Fiji, Niuē, and afterwards Samoa, which he made his home.

But still he could not remain content on one island, when hundreds of islands seemed to cry, *Come over and help us!* Before very long he sailed away to carry the good news of a loving God to the



JOHN WILLIAMS, "THE APOSTLE OF THE SOUTH SEAS."

New Hebrides. He landed with another missionary, Mr. Harris, on the island of Erromanga, but both were cruelly done to death by the savage natives. For more than twenty years John Williams had lived for the peoples of the South Sea Islands, and on November 20, 1839, he laid down his life for them. But "he, being dead, yet

speaketh"; twice every year the fine missionary steamer named after him, the *John Williams*, sails across the Pacific from group to group, visiting many of the islands where he himself worked, and always serving as a reminder of his loving efforts.

That is a short account of early missionary work in the South Seas. In later chapters we shall see how the work spread from Samoa and Rarotonga to New Guinea, and away to the north and north-west, to the Tokelau, Ellice, Gilbert and other groups; and we shall see, too, how the Samoans and Rarotongans, rejoicing to have heard about Jesus themselves, soon became brave missionaries to others in their heathen darkness.

* * * * * *

Note.—Please don't forget to find all these places on the map of Polynesia. You will understand so much better all that has been said.



THE "DUFF."

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST MISSIONARY SHIPS

IF I were to ask you the name of the "Children's Missionary Ship," many of you would quickly answer, "the *John Williams*." There are, of course other ships doing the work of the London Missionary Society. But the *John Williams* is the most important of our little fleet, and you may like to hear something about it, and about the story of other missionary ships which did such useful work before the present fine *John Williams* was built.

If you are New Year Collectors, and if you give what you can out of your own pocket, I am sure you will be interested. There is nothing like working and giving to arouse interest. If you have not proved this for yourselves, begin now, and see if I am not right.

Now you do not want too many dates, but a few will be necessary, and to make up for bothering you with dates you shall have a lot of pictures, pictures of missionary ships and their captains. Look at them well, for without those captains and their ships, God's message would have spread very slowly amongst the peoples of the Pacific.

What was the name of the first vessel used by the London Mis-

sionary Society? I told you in the first chapter. That's right—the *Duff*. You remember that it sailed from England in 1796, and carried to Tahiti the very first missionaries which the Society sent out. Captain James Wilson was in command, and his passengers had a pleasant and prosperous voyage, though it was a very long one, lasting 208 days. The *Duff* aroused a great deal of interest, because it was the *first* missionary ship that ever sailed from this country. A farewell service was held on board, and crowds of people gathered on the wharves and banks of the Thames as these first missionaries sailed down the river, singing the hymn,



CAPTAIN WILSON.

> Jesus, at Thy command
> We launch into the deep.

Three days after starting, they were hailed in the night by a man-of-war.

"Whither bound?"—"Otaheite" [or Tahiti].

"What cargo?"—"Missionaries and provisions."

The captain of the man-of-war could not understand this. He had never heard of such a thing as missionaries being sent out all the way to Tahiti from London. So he sent a midshipman on board to make inquiries, and when it was found that the description of the cargo was true, the *Duff* was allowed to keep on its way.

There were thirty missionaries on board, not counting their wives and children. The mission flag which was hoisted over the *Duff*, and which still floats over the *John Williams*, represents three white doves on a purple background, carrying olive branches in their bills. You know how gentle and innocent a dove is, and perhaps you know that to offer the olive branch is a proverb which means to wish to be at peace. You will agree that the flag is a very beautiful and fitting one, for the missionary ship carries the gospel of peace.

Captain Wilson was a man who had had many adventures, and escaped from great dangers. His father was a captain, and the boy's early years were spent at sea. Later on he went to America, and fought in the battle of Bunker's Hill in 1775. Still later he went to India and was engaged in fighting there, until at length he was captured and flung into prison by Hyder Ali. He escaped by swimming across several rivers which were full of alligators, but he was caught again and put in irons and kept for days in a dark dungeon. There were 112 prisoners altogether, and eighty of them died during the cruel imprisonment. Captain Wilson was one of the thirty-two who survived. When he was set free he went to sea again, and passed through many more dangers. All this time he was not a believer in God; but God had a great work for him to do, and two years after his return to England he was greatly moved by a sermon preached by the Rev. John Griffin, of Orange Street Chapel, Portsea, and was led to believe in the truth and power of the Gospel.

Success often depends on the character of the leaders, and Captain James Wilson was just the right man to command on this first missionary voyage. He was bold and brave, and a sincere enthusiastic Christian.

The *Duff* left missionaries at Tahiti and in the Friendly and Mar-

quesas Islands [*remember to look at the map*], and then, having sailed to China and got a new cargo, reached England in safety in July, 1798. Its work was ridiculed by some; in China it was nicknamed "*The Ten Commandments*"; but all who love Jesus should thank God for the success of the first voyage of this first missionary ship. The *Duff* sailed again from London with another party of missionaries in 1798; but two months later it was captured by the French and sold, and its missionary life thus came to an end.

The second missionary vessel about which I have to tell you was the *Messenger of Peace*. This interesting little ship was never in England; it was built in the South Seas, and in some ways is the most interesting of all the missionary fleet. In Chapter I you have read how John Williams built this ship, that he might voyage in safety from island to island and group to group. He had long been anxious that all should hear of the love of Jesus, and, not being able to buy or hire a vessel, he made up his mind to build one. He knew very little about shipbuilding, he had very few tools with which to build, and he had many difficulties to overcome. He made bellows out of goatskins, and when these were eaten up by rats, he made a pair of wooden ones. He made charcoal out of cocoanut shells, and nails out of wood, and ropes out of the bark of trees, and sails out of native mats. Of course the people of Rarotonga, where the vessel was built, helped him a great deal with their advice and labour; but it says much for the skill and perseverance of John Williams that the vessel was built under such conditions and was able to do much useful work.

The first voyage of the *Messenger of Peace* was a short one to Aitutaki; only 145 miles from Rarotonga. The second was longer, all the way to Raiatea. Fortunately, the weather was fine and the

wind moderate, for when Raiatea was reached the little *Messenger of Peace* was found to be in a very unseaworthy condition. It looked as if God in His providence had watched over the missionaries and crew and made them His special care.

Afterwards, when canvas sails had been bought and the ship thoroughly repaired, John Williams started on the work amongst



AITUTAKI: THE MISSION HOUSE.

the heathen islands which for so long he had been anxious to do, and for which he built the *Messenger of Peace*. He visited Mangaia and some of the other Cook Islands—Atui, Mauke and Mitiaro—and then went again to the most important island, Rarotonga, where, you will remember, the vessel was built.

Rarotonga occupies to-day an important place in the L.M.S. South Sea Missions. From it certain outstations of the Cook Islands are superintended, and on it is a long-established Training Institution for Cook Island pastors. Like its big younger brother, the Malua Institution in Samoa, it has had the honour of sending out many of its students as missionaries to New Guinea and other parts of the Pacific. It may not have occurred to you that there are brown missionaries as well as white doing the work of God and obeying the great command of our Lord, but some of the hardest and noblest work in the South Seas has been done by *brown* missionaries.

From Rarotonga the *Messenger of Peace* sailed to Aitutaki, and left a native teacher there; then on to Savage Island or Niuē [pronounced *Neway*]. The former name was given to it by Captain Cook, because the natives rushed on him like wild boars; but for many years now "Savage Island" has been a Christian land. Mr. Lawes, who has been our missionary there for nearly forty years, says that practically the whole population is now within the church.

But John Williams was still anxious to carry the "good news" further, and soon the well-named *Messenger of Peace* was on its way to Tongatabu, the most important of the Friendly Isles. A native teacher of the London Missionary Society had been there for some time and was doing good work, but the Wesleyan Society had also established a mission on the island, and an arrangement was therefore made by which the Friendly Islands and the Fijian Group close by should be worked by the Wesleyan Society, whilst the London Missionary Society should be free to extend and strengthen its missions in the Navigators' or Samoan Group. This was a splendid arrangement, because when there are so many heathen and so few missionaries, it would be a pity for missionaries of different societies



AN INLAND LAKE, SAMOA.

to be working in the same places. I am glad to say the different Protestant missionary societies are working more and more on these lines to-day, and so they are able to reach many more heathen people, and they do not make the heathen think that they are rivals, teaching different religions.

So John Williams sailed on in his gallant little ship to Samoa, where he landed in August, 1830. His planting of the Gospel there has been called "the most important event in his life." If you do not get tired and will read to the end of this book, you will see why this was such an important event in the life of the great missionary.

God in His goodness seemed to open up the way for the success of John Williams' efforts. When he was at Tonga, a Samoan chief named Fauea came and asked to be taken home in the *Messenger of Peace*. This was a great help to John Williams, for Fauea was a man of influence, and many of the Samoans were willing to listen to him and hear from his lips how the Gospel of Jesus had already been preached in Tonga. Another event which made it easier to persuade the Samoans to receive Christian teachers was the death of a powerful native chief. He was a cruel man, and a firm believer in idols. Fauea was very much afraid that he would strongly oppose the new religion, but when the *Messenger of Peace* anchored off Sapapalii in the island of Savaii, it was found that this savage chief had died only ten or twelve days before, and eight teachers were gladly received by the king and people.

How God has prospered the work which was begun by these eight native teachers from Tahiti you will readily understand from the story of this book, and also from the fact that all Samoa is under Christian teaching to-day. Out of a total population of 39,000, more than 34,000 are connected with the L.M.S. Churches, and of these

more than 8,000 are Church members. There must be something like 220 Samoan *faifeau*, "doers of God's work," or as we should say, "ministers" or "pastors," whilst between 8,000 and 9,000 children are being taught in the schools, on both week-days and Sundays.



A SAMOAN GIRL.
(See photo of the same girl in illustration, page 77, on the left-hand side.)

And perhaps best of all, the Samoans so greatly appreciate the blessings of the Gospel that they are anxious that others should enjoy them, and every year they are sending out their own missionaries. At the present time there are some sixty or seventy Samoan missionaries working in New Guinea and other smaller Pacific islands.

You will notice how important a work has been done by the missionary ships, beginning with the *Messenger of Peace*, down to the fine missionary steamer of to-day, *John Williams IV.*, in the carrying of native missionaries from their homes to the islands to which they have been sent to work. Many of these islands are seldom visited by other vessels, and so the missionary fleet is absolutely necessary for the good of the work.

The *Messenger of Peace* had now completed its long round of visits,

and returned to Raiatea by way of Rarotonga, Mangaia, Rurutu [one of the Austral Islands] and Tahiti. For three years the little vessel had sailed in safety from island to island, a distance of three or four thousand miles amid the dangers of the Pacific, helping to spread the gospel in many islands.

But the time had now come for the Society to buy a vessel of its own to do its work in the South Seas. In 1834 John Williams was home on furlough. A missionary's furlough does not mean *absence from work*. It means *change* of work. He leaves his work abroad to come and talk about it and interest people in it at home. He does "Deputation Work" among the churches. That is the way it is usually described. Now that is what John Williams did. He came home on furlough, and he made speeches all over the country, and Christian people everywhere began to talk about the wonderful way in which God had blessed his work. Then he wrote a book called, *A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*, and this deepened the interest that his speeches had aroused One result was that £4,000 was raised by public subscription, and the first real "missionary ship" was bought and fitted up. By that I mean the first ship that was intended to be used altogether for missionary work in the South Seas, and the first ship really suitable for that purpose. The *Duff* was purchased to carry white missionaries to their posts, not to work from island to island. The *Messenger of Peace* was built for island work and did a noble work, but it really was scarcely suited to the work. Now for the first time the Society had a missionary ship purchased by public subscription, and in every way well furnished for its work. That ship was the *Camden*. Its story and that of the ships that followed it will be continued in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III

MORE MISSIONARY SHIPS

WE have seen how the *Messenger of Peace* visited many groups of islands, including the Society, Friendly, Cook and Samoan groups, some of them indeed being visited more than once. The *Camden* was a larger and finer vessel, and soon visited all the groups in which the *Messenger of Peace* had stationed missionaries or native teachers, with the single exception of the Friendly Isles.

"Why did it not go there?" does some one ask?

Because Wesleyan missionaries were now working there, so it was not necessary for the L.M.S. missionaries to go.

But the *Camden* went also to several new groups of island-pearls. We shall see by-and-by what a good work it was the means of doing. First of all we had better have a little geography lesson, and one day you will be able to surprise your teacher at school by showing how much you know about the Pacific Islands. Refresh your memories by finding on the map Samoa, with its three largest islands, Upolu, Savaii and Tutuila; the Society Islands, including Tahiti, Raiatea and Huahine; the Cook Islands, including Rarotonga, Mangaia and Aitutaki; Savage Island, or Niuē; and the Friendly Islands and the Fijian group.

Remember, too, that Wesleyan Missionaries are working in the last two groups, and the London Missionary Society in the rest.

Now for the new places visited by the *Camden*. These were the NEW HEBRIDES, about 1,200 miles to the west of Samoa, including the islands of Tanna, Futuna and Erromanga, which may not be marked on the map, but all have their own interest for those who study foreign missions, and the LOYALTY ISLANDS, the chief of which are Lifu, Maré and Uvea.



APIA TOWN AND HARBOUR, UPOLU, SAMOA.

The *Camden* left England in 1838, under the command of Captain Morgan. She sailed half way round the world to Polynesia, with a band of new missionaries, and an edition of five thousand Rarotongan New Testaments. One missionary was left at Huahine in the Leeward or Society Islands, another in the Cook Islands, and three more in Samoa. It was November, 1838, when the *Camden* reached Samoa, after a seven months' voyage, about as long as it took the *Duff* to travel from London to Tahiti. From Samoa she went to the Cook and Society Islands, and then returned to Samoa.

So far the *Camden* had visited places which were well known to

John Williams. Now she was to plough new seas, and in November, 1839, she set out for the New Hebrides, with John Williams and some native teachers on board. They called in at the island of Rotumah, and left two Samoans to teach the people there the love of Jesus Christ. A few days later they arrived at Tanna in the New Hebrides, and left three Samoan teachers. The natives seemed to receive them kindly, so John Williams, with Mr. Harris his companion, went on in the *Camden* to Erromanga, a beautiful little island, but one which is full of sad memories. They reached Erromanga on November 19, 1839. Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris were rowed ashore in a little boat, but as soon as they stepped on shore they were suddenly attacked by the people. Mr. Harris was killed first; Mr. Williams ran to the beach and tried to get into the little boat, but he was overtaken and killed before Captain Morgan and his crew could send a boat to save him.

John Williams is sometimes called the "Martyr of Erromanga." Now you see why. He is sometimes spoken of also as the "Apostle of the South Seas." God sent him to many of the island-pearls of the Pacific; they were pearls then because of their natural beauty, but as a result of the work which John Williams was permitted to do, by his life and death, many of the people of these pearl-like islands have sought to become more pearl-like in character, to lead pure and innocent lives; many are anxious to-day to be numbered amongst God's precious jewels.

The *Camden* returned to Samoa, but the sad news did not discourage the workers there. Three times afterwards the *Camden* voyaged from Samoa to the New Hebrides, and each time she carried native teachers, and left them on the different islands of the group. Futuna, Aneiteum, and Tanna, all had the Gospel preached to them in this way. These were the pioneer missionaries of the New Hebrides,

and nobly they "held the fort," until the work was taken over by the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, and later on by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who superintend it to-day.

The *Camden* was the first missionary ship to visit the Loyalty Islands. In 1841 Mr. Murray arrived at Maré. His name is still honoured in Samoa for his long and noble work as a missionary there,



SAMOAN CANOE.

and it was he who, on the death of John Williams, carried on the work of settling Samoans as missionary teachers in the New Hebrides and the Loyalties.

His first visit to Maré is full of interest. When he and Captain Morgan were rowing to the shore they were met by a man in a canoe, who called out, "I know the true God." They found out he was a Tongan, who had been living for seven years in Maré. You can imagine how pleased they were to meet him, and you can see how the Gospel of Jesus was in some cases carried to new islands by the natives, even before the white missionary was able to go.

Two Samoan teachers were landed on Maré, and so the work was kept up until the appointment of two missionaries from England thirteen years later.



A SAMOAN VILLAGE.

The good ship *Camden* had now almost finished her missionary work. When she returned to England in 1843 it was found that to repair her would cost almost as much as to buy a new vessel, and so she was sold. She had done much useful service in her five years' missionary life.

It was now for the first time decided by the Directors to ask for the *children's* help in securing another vessel, and so well did they respond to the appeal that more than £6,000 was raised, with which the new ship was bought and furnished. Very appropriately she was named *John Williams*, after the famous missionary.

It was in the year 1844 that the first *John Williams* began her work, and she had a long and honourable mission life of twenty years, so it is quite impossible to tell you here all that she was able to do. John

Williams had tried and failed to station native teachers upon the island of Niuē. In 1840 another attempt was made without success, but six years later the *John Williams* paid another visit, having on board a native of Niuē named Peniamina (Benjamin). He had lived in Samoa and been trained at the Malua Institution, and he, together with two Samoans named Paulo and Samuelu, who had also been educated at Malua, played a large part in winning Niuē for Christ.

In 1858 the *John Williams* visited a new group of islands, the Tokelau group, 250 miles to the north of Samoa, and left teachers there, who, with their successors, maintained the work of God for many years, not only in the Tokelaus, but also in the Ellice and Gilbert groups, whose fascinating story must be told in a later chapter.

The *John Williams* returned to England in 1847, at the end of three years' work, and after sailing 100,000 miles, bringing with her a cargo of native produce and curios. These had been given by natives of different islands to help on the work of the London Missionary Society. They were sold for £2,000, so you see in three years' time a good part of the money which the children of Great Britain had raised was sent back as a thank-offering to be added to the funds of the Society.

After a short time the *John Williams* returned to Polynesia with 5,000 Tahitian Bibles and 4,000 copies of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, also in the Tahitian language. In 1850 she came home again, after voyaging another 100,000 miles. (If in five years she had travelled 200,000 miles, how many thousands of miles would she have travelled at the same rate when the twenty years of her missionary life were ended? You bigger boys and girls will soon work that out, and I hope you will be kind enough to tell your little brothers and sisters.)

Captain Morgan, of the *Camden*, was also captain of the first *John*

Williams until 1856, when he was succeeded by Captain Williams. The good ship continued her work till 1864, when she was wrecked on the dangerous coral reef off Pukapuka or Danger Island. She had in previous years visited Manihiki and Penrhyn Island and Pukapuka, for they were out-stations of the Rarotongan Mission, and so she literally met her end in the very midst of her good work.



A SAMOAN MISSION BOAT.

Another appeal was made to the boys and girls of the London Missionary Society, and this time £11,000 was raised, and *John Williams II* was built and made ready for service. She was most unfortunate. On her first voyage she met with very rough weather, but reached Sydney in safety. From that magnificent harbour she started on her first cruise among the island mission stations. Entering the harbour of Aneiteum in the New Hebrides, she ran upon the jagged

reef, which made a big hole in her side, and there she had to remain for several days. The cargo was taken out and the passengers left, and *John Williams II* returned to Sydney for repairs.

But perhaps some of you are wondering how she managed to get there with a big hole in her side ? Well, sailors are taught to be handy men and make the best of things, and they stopped up the hole with blankets, which they first of all covered with tar, to make them water-proof. After being repaired in Sydney she went back again to Aneiteum, picked up her passengers and cargo, and sailed away to the Loyalty Islands, and afterwards to Niuē or Savage Island.

But misfortune still followed her. She had kept near the land to discharge her cargo, but towards the evening the wind fell, and the current began to carry her toward the reef. A steamer could have resisted the current ; but if her anchors will not hold, a sailing ship is almost helpless. The captain did all he could. Seventeen sailors were sent in the ship's boats, which were fastened with stout ropes to the prow, and they rowed with all their might to keep her heading from the land. But all their efforts were useless ; the current was too strong, and at length she drifted violently on to the reef. Fortunately, the sixty passengers and crew were saved, but the vessel became a total wreck, and was at last sold for £100 in 1867. That was the end of the ill-starred *John Williams II.*



CAPTAIN TURPIE.

But the children were not disheartened. They set to work again and in the very next year (1868) collected enough money to build and fit out *John Williams III.* On her starboard bow (the right-hand side, looking towards the prow) were painted the words, "PEACE ON EARTH," and on the port or left bow, "GOODWILL TO MEN," and she still flew the flag of white doves and olive branches, showing that she was a messenger of the Gospel of peace.



S.S. "JOHN WILLIAMS."

Captain Morgan was her first commander, but was succeeded in 1871 by Captain Turpie, whom many of your parents and older friends will remember. For twenty-six years this *John Williams* did splendid service, and was only replaced in 1894, when it was found necessary to have a larger and faster vessel.

By that time the missionary ship had to make a round voyage of 15,000 miles, and to cover some portions two or three times a year; so *John Williams IV* was built, and she is entitled to put in front of her name two little letters, "s.s.," the steamship *John Williams.*

She is the first steamer owned by the Society, and cost over £17,000. She is a splendid vessel, and the children who helped to raise the money to build her may well be proud of being "shareholders."



CAPTAIN HORE.

You will be glad to know, too, how finely she does her work. She makes her headquarters at Sydney, and regularly visits New Guinea, Samoa and its out-stations, the Cook Islands and their out-stations, Niuē, and the Gilberts. Being a steamer she is much more punctual in her calls than any sailing ship could be. She is always to time, if not before. She pays more visits and does more work than any of the previous ships. The passengers can travel with greater comfort, and that is a good thing, because the missionaries are called on now to do as much work in six weeks as they were in almost as many months before. Then the steamer can go much nearer to the shore, without fear of being drifted on the reef and wrecked like the first and second *John Williams*.

Before the missionary steamer left England, Captain Turpie took her to many ports on our coasts, and many who were children in 1894 will remember with pleasure the opportunity they had of inspecting

the ship. The good old captain was able to take the new steamer out to Sydney, but there he became seriously ill and felt obliged to retire. For the long period of thirty-eight years (1856–94) he had lovingly and faithfully served on the missionary ships, as chief officer on *John Williams I* and *II* and captain of *John Williams III* and *IV*.



CAPTAIN WYRILL ON DECK OF S.S. "JOHN WILLIAMS."

He was succeeded by Captain Hore, who had previously done brave pioneer work for the Society in opening up the way for missionary effort on Lake Tanganyika in Central Africa. Finally, in 1900, Captain Hore was succeeded by Captain Wyrill, who is still in command, and whose skill and kindness are highly appreciated by all who have to do with him.

There, in brief, is the history of the Pacific missionary fleet. It has done a work whose usefulness cannot be too highly praised. The *John Williams* enables missionaries from central stations to watch over the work of the out-stations; she takes native missionaries to their work more cheaply and more regularly than hired vessels can; and she carries large cargoes of Bibles and other books, and stores

and materials of all kinds, and in that way greatly assists in the building of churches and schools and houses necessary for the carrying on of mission work and the enlightening of those that sit in darkness. Boys and girls, believe me, you cannot do better missionary work than to support the missionary ships.

O Mission Ship! Dear Mission Ship!
May angels guide thy track afar,
And may love's clear and holy light
Shine on thy pathway day and night.

In faith and love we children gave
Our gifts to launch thee on the wave.
Our gifts and prayers thy way shall wing,
Till every isle crown Jesus King.

CHAPTER IV

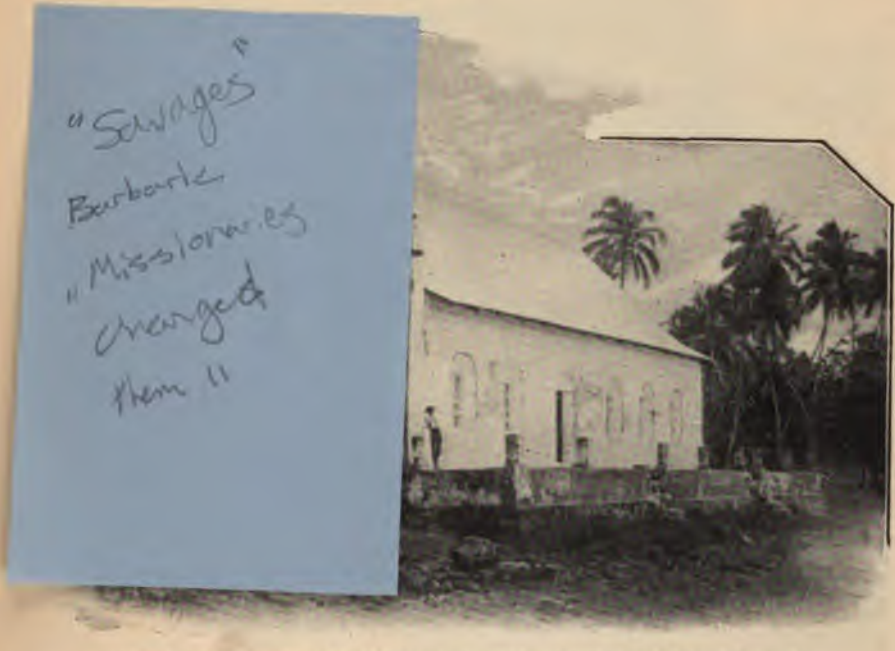
SAMOA : AS IT WAS

OLD Samoa was very unlike the Samoa of to-day. The dividing-line was the year in which John Williams first landed on the island of Savaii. That was the year 1830. To know the condition of the people before that year, will be to know "*Old Samoa*," or *Samoa as it was*.

The Samoans in those days were not at all an attractive people. Little was known about them, and what was known was not to their credit. They were savages, just like the savages of whom you have often seen pictures in missionary books and on old missionary boxes. A French explorer who visited the island of Tutuila about forty years before John Williams landed on Savaii had thirteen of his men killed by the fierce natives. The Samoans were nearly always fighting one another, and they seem to have looked upon tribal warfare as good sport, almost as we might think of fox-hunting.

At the very time when John Williams landed at Sapapalii in Savaii (a picture of which you can see opposite, and the chief landmark of which is now a Christian Church), a cruel war was raging, and the flames of burning villages clearly showed how the victorious king was treating his enemies. Was it not a good thing that John Williams' ship, the *Messenger of Peace*, should arrive just in time to persuade the people to stop their fighting ?

Many times since then the Samoans have fought amongst themselves ; but the missionaries have always been peacemakers, teaching that Jesus is the Prince of Peace, and now I am glad to say that tribal warfare has almost entirely ceased.



THE L.M.S. CHURCH AT SAPAPALII (WHERE JOHN WILLIAMS LANDED).

This fighting did such a lot of harm. The houses were burned, and the fruitful plantations of bananas and other articles of food were destroyed, and this often resulted in famine, whilst home-life was robbed of its security and happiness. Then cannibalism, the eating of human flesh, was sometimes practised, though not so much as in other heathen countries—New Guinea for example. Indeed, an old Samoan once told me that human flesh was only eaten in war-time,

not because it was liked, but simply to show how they *hated* their enemies. Was it not time for these poor people to learn about Jesus, who said, "*Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you?*"



SAPAPALII: THE LANDING-PLACE OF JOHN WILLIAMS.

But even in times of peace, the home-life of "Old Samoa," was far from being as happy and attractive as it is to-day. There were no schools for children to go to then. "What a jolly place Samoa must have been!" perhaps some of you boys and girls will think. But many of you, I hope, like school, and even those of you who are not very fond of it, will one day find out how useful a good education

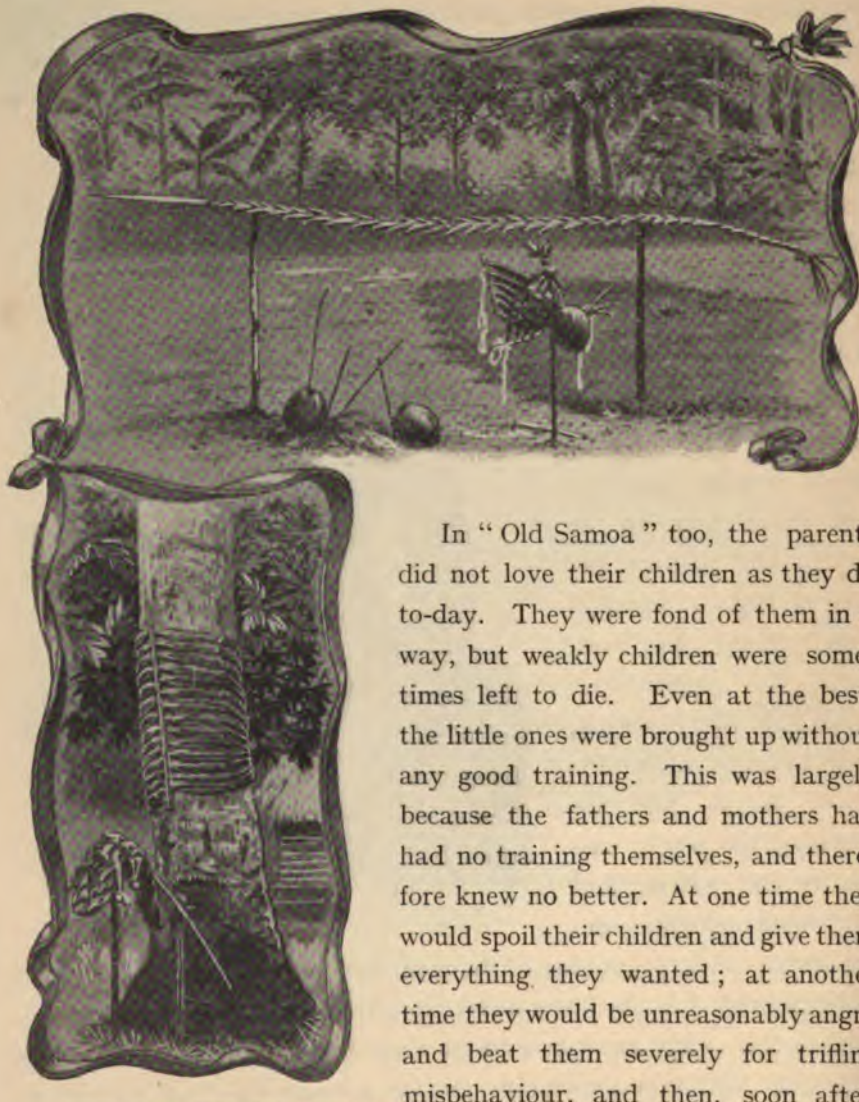
is. These Samoan children grew up to be idle and ignorant; they could not read or write; in fact, there was no language they could write and no books for them to read! But not only did they grow up to be ignorant and idle; they became wicked too, because they were idle.

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

That was true of the Samoans. They had little to do because they did not know how to do much, and so they got into all sorts of mischief and lived very bad lives. Now the missionaries have built many schools, and written many Samoan books, and are teaching the people carpentry and printing and gardening and other useful trades. A large number of the men, and most of the boys and girls in the mission schools, know much more than their fathers and grandfathers did. They know how to use their hands and their brains, and to occupy their time profitably; and, as a result, they will grow up to be better men and women than those who had no schooling at all.



A SAMOAN WARRIOR.



TABOOS: TO FRIGHTEN THIEVES FROM STEALING.

In "Old Samoa" too, the parents did not love their children as they do to-day. They were fond of them in a way, but weakly children were sometimes left to die. Even at the best, the little ones were brought up without any good training. This was largely because the fathers and mothers had had no training themselves, and therefore knew no better. At one time they would spoil their children and give them everything they wanted; at another time they would be unreasonably angry and beat them severely for trifling misbehaviour, and then, soon after, they would give them a good meal of

Samoan "nice things," to make friends again. And so, by example as well as by teaching, parents trained their children to know and do wrong.

I need not tell you that in the olden days the Samoans were heathen. They knew nothing about the true God, or about "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." They worshipped the spirits of dead chiefs, and birds and fish and trees, and even things that had no life, such as the war-clubs of famous warriors. Each family had its own particular god, who was believed to take care of all the members of the family. They supposed these gods lived inside different animals. One family thought its special god lived in a shark ; so that family would never kill a shark, for fear they should kill their god. Another family thought its god lived in a bird, and so they would never shoot that particular kind of bird. Another family supposed theirs was inside a stone, and they were very careful not to step on that stone, lest they should trample upon their god.

They were very superstitious too, and were afraid of all sorts of evil spirits. They used to think, and some do even now, that bodily pain was caused by these *aitu*, or evil spirits. I was once called to see a man who was rolling on the ground and shrieking with pain. When I had given him some medicine and he felt a little better, he told me that an evil spirit had been trying to choke him, and it was only my skill that had driven him away. I tried to persuade him that he had been eating too heartily of half-cooked pig, which gave him a sharp touch of indigestion ; but it was quite plain that he only half believed me.

Some two or three years ago several of the girls at the High School in Tutuila were seized with illness, and many of the parents said it was because the school was built near a banyan-tree, which was the

home of one of these spirits. Some of them took their daughters away, and it was only after the lady-missionaries who had charge of the school had travelled all round the island and calmed their fears, that the girls were allowed to stay and the work of the school to go on. So you see some of the people are still superstitious even to-day, and afraid of evil spirits; but they are usually the older people who have not learned so much about the true God, and they are few in number as compared with the days before John Williams' first visit.

In Old Samoa the people were very cruel to one another. They were in *some* ways kindly by nature, and in time of peace most hospitable. But unfortunately, as we have seen, they were seldom at peace, and so the natural kindly feelings of the people were too often not shown. There is an English proverb that *habit is second nature.* If a boy keeps on showing bad temper, he is likely to become bad-tempered, and in course of time he will be angry and passionate almost before he knows it. Habit will have become second nature. But if a boy makes a habit of showing good temper, he will find it more and more easy to be good-tempered, even if thoughtless or foolish people tempt him to become angry. In the same way, the Samoans were so often engaged in war that when times of peace came, they still showed the evil passions that are inflamed by war. Murders were very frequent. In the old days, the chiefs of rank were always watched at night by armed servants, so that their enemies should not be able to go quietly into their houses and kill them while they were asleep. The men who were sent to commit murder in this way were known as "men-spirits," because they went so quietly and secretly, and were so hard to catch. They had very little clothing on, and oiled their bodies so much that it was difficult to take hold of them.

I am glad to say that a great change has come over the Samoans since they have heard of Jesus Christ, and many have come to love Him. I do not say that all the changes are due to their love for Him, but they are due to His love for them, and most of them would not have taken place if the missionaries had not gone and lived amongst them. The Samoans to-day have still many faults; they often quarrel, just like other people; but in spite of these things, they are happy and contented for the most part; they are courteous and polite and hospitable to one another, and to visitors from other lands. Chiefs do not need to be protected at night; there is no more horrible work for the "men-spirits" to do; murder is seldom heard of. Parents are, as a rule, very fond of their children; many of them are still very ignorant and do not know how to train them well, but many are learning wisdom and are glad to give them a good education in the mission schools. (I shall hope to tell you more about these schools in another chapter; here I will just say that almost all, if not quite all, the education that the Samoans have had has been received in mission schools, and been given by the missionaries or clever natives whom they have taught.) Superstitions are fast dying out. No longer do the people worship their old heathen gods, but instead many of them worship God and know Christ to be their Lord and Saviour.

One thing more I must tell you to show what changes the Gospel has worked. Seventy years ago one family was afraid to kill a shark, lest they should kill their family god; another would not shoot a flying-fox—a bird which shrieks in the night and keeps you awake, not to speak of the great damage it does to the fruit-trees—because they imagined their god might be inside him. But how different to-day! In every home there is family prayers, both night and morning. About six o'clock in the morning, and six o'clock in the evening,

just when the crickets begin to chirp in the woods, you may hear hymns being sung in all the houses. You might hear ten or twenty at once in different houses. It is not a very harmonious sound, but it is one that makes good people happy, for it is the beginning of family prayers and family worship of the One True and Living God.

After the hymn, the master of the house or some other member of the family reads from a Samoan Bible, perhaps the daily portion selected from the card of the International Bible Reading Association, which has been translated into Samoan; and then the worship closes with prayer, and seldom is a prayer offered which does not thank God that for Samoa "the days of darkness have passed away."

Old Samoa, with its heathendom, has gone: "*The old things are passed away; behold, they are become new*" (2 Cor. v. 17).

The first Sunday in September is kept by the Samoans as the anniversary of the first landing of John Williams, and on that day they always thank God that He has called them "out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Peter ii. 9). In their services they sing—

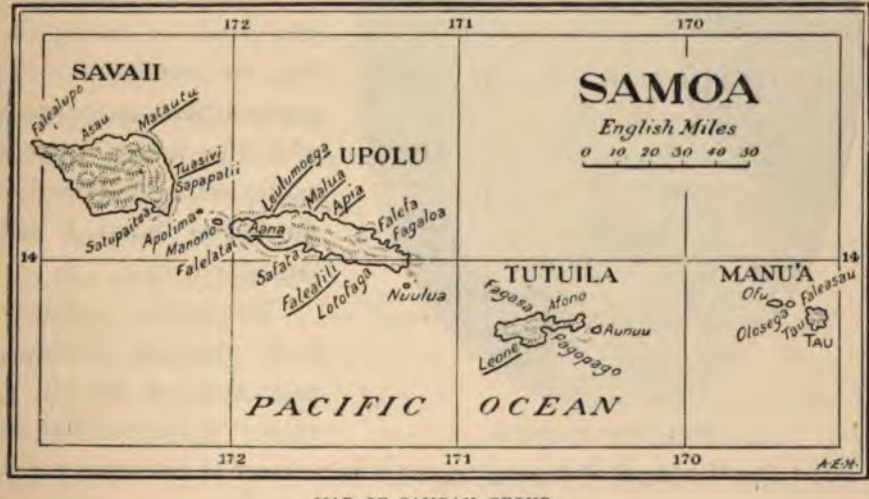
O le pogisā sa tele
Pei se laau mafalā
I Samoa uma lava
Sa pupuni ai le la.
A ua faafetai ua taia,
Ua gausia lea laau.
Ona le matuā mate
A e memea ona lau.

[The darkness was great
Like a shadowing tree;
From all Samoa
The sun was shut out.
But, thank God, it is stricken,
Is broken that tree.
It is not quite perished.
But its branches are withered.]

CHAPTER V

HOISTING THE FLAG

IN Chapter IV I have told you how the Gospel of Jesus Christ has changed the lives of many Samoans, and led them to give up many of their most wicked customs. Now I want to tell you about the beginnings of good government in the group, for next to Chris-



MAP OF SAMOAN GROUP.

tianity, nothing helps a people to be good and happy and peaceful more than wise government, and nothing can be more helpful to missionaries in their work.

It was a very important day, therefore, when the Samoans came

under settled rule, and if you are interested in Samoa, you will like to hear something of the hoisting of the flags.

The flag of Germany was raised on the island of Upolu, and that of the United States of America in Tutuila, but as the two ceremonies were very much alike, I shall tell you of the former event, partly because I saw it, and partly because the German colony includes the greater portion of Samoa.



HIGH CHIEF MATAAFA.

As soon as the date was fixed for raising the flag, the missionaries began to make arrangements with the native pastors and chiefs, so that the day should be suitably and loyally observed.

The actual ceremony took place at Mulinuu, near Apia, on March 1, 1900. A large crowd of about five thousand Samoans, together with most of the white population, gathered round the flag-staff. First of all the official notice was read in Samoan, German and English, so that all present might understand, to the effect that for the future the Islands would be under the protection and rule of Germany.

Then Dr. Solf, the first Governor, made a speech, and pulled the

Flag to the top of the pole. While this was being done, a band played, and salutes were fired from the German and American warships in the harbour.

This was followed by a short religious service, in which the Roman Catholic bishop and the Chairman of the L.M.S. (Rev. J. W. Hills) took part.

The Bishop delivered an address to the Samoans, and Mr. Hills read suitable passages of Scripture and offered prayer in the Samoan language. His prayer was so beautiful and impressive that I want you to read it. So will you let me give you an English translation ?

"O God, the All Merciful, look upon us here gathered together in Thy name, and graciously forgive the sins of Thy servants. Remember not the follies of past days, but in Thy mercy grant us Thy rich blessings for all the future. We humble ourselves before Thee. May this solemn act we now perform be acceptable in Thy sight. May this Flag receive Thy blessing ; may all men living in these islands come to submit to it, to honour and to love it. O Lord of hosts, we raise this Flag in Thy name.

"Bless, we pray Thee, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany. Long may he live and rule in peace and righteousness. Bless, we pray Thee, all the high officers of State in his kingdom. Bless, we humbly beseech Thee, Thy servant called to be the Governor of these islands. May he have all wisdom and grace and prudence given unto him to govern wisely this people. Help him, we beseech Thee, to rule with justice and largeheartedness, that all of whatever nation here present, may live together in peace and goodwill.

"Establish Thou the work of his hands upon him ; yea, the work of his hands, establish Thou it. And blessed be the Lord God, the God



PART OF THE PROCESSION.

of Israel, and blessed be His holy name for ever and ever, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen."

It was a most fitting and helpful prayer. Many Samoans afterwards exclaimed, *Malie lava*, which means "Good, good," and we may be sure many were moved by it to new resolves of loyalty.

Indeed, the religious service appealed deeply to the Samoan , and impressed them more than all the ceremonies that followed.

On the next day (March 2), the Governor received deputations from the different missionary societies. The L.M.S. deputation consisted of the English missionaries and the oldest Samoan pastor from each of the seven Mission Districts. Mr. Hills explained who we were and why we had come, and the Rev. J. E. Newell, the English missionary who had been longest in Samoa, read an address and presented the governor with a number of books, including the *History of the L.M.S.* and a beautiful *Samoan Bible.*

But the most striking event of the day was the procession of Mission Schools, and here the L.M.S. made a brave and pretty display.

You know how Sunday School scholars walk in procession on the treat-day. The Samoans walked like that ; only all of them, pastors, students, and scholars, were gaily dressed. The procession started at the Apia Mission House and walked the whole length of the town to the Flagstaff at Mulinuu, where it was received by the Governor.

About 700 took part in it, and at no place along the way could those at the back see those who were in the front.

First came a boy from the Malua Boarding-Class, carrying a flag, with the inscription "L.M.S. 1830." You know by now that that was meant to show that John Williams began the work of the London Missionary Society in Samoa in the year 1830.

Then came two Malua students, bearing the large L.M.S. banner, of three doves.



A HIGH CHIEF'S HOUSE.

Next in order were the Samoan pastors, the English missionaries and their wives, and the Malua students. The pastors and students were dressed in clean white coats and loincloths, and formed a great contrast to the absence of any display in dress on the part of other Samoan men. The students were headed by the Institution flag,

bearing the inscription in Samoan, "The School at Malua. Founded September, 1844. Jesus and His Church," and also showing the names of its founders, Turner, Hardie, Nisbet.

After the students came the Papauta girls with their banner and motto: "The School at Papauta. Soldiers of Jesus."

Then followed the boys of the Leulumoega High School and the seven District Schools, each being distinguished by its own banner.

The girls were dressed in white loose-flowing frocks, and the boys in white coats and loincloths. The Malua students wore black ties, the Leulumoega boys black sashes, and the boys of the District schools had red sashes, whilst ribbons and rosettes of the German national colours (red, white, and black) seemed to be worn by all. The Papauta girls hit upon a splendid idea. They fastened red and white flowers into their jet-black hair, and thus reproduced the national colours. All through the long procession German flags were carried. Altogether it was a most imposing sight, and I hope this account will enable you to imagine what it looked like.

When all were formed in a square, with the flagstaff in the centre and the Governor in the front, a German chorus and the German National Anthem were sung by the Papauta girls and the students of Malua and Leulumoega. They had been trained by Miss Schultze, one of the lady missionaries at Papauta. It was all very impressive, and the Governor expressed his surprise and pleasure. And if you come to think about it, those singers were worthy of praise, for only a few weeks before they did not know a single word of the German language.

Mr. Hills, who had ridden on horseback and kept the long procession in order, then called for "hochs" to the Emperor William.

"What are hochs," do you ask? Well, you would say "Three cheers." These cheers were heartily and lustily given. The Governor

rose and expressed his thanks for the pleasure which this loyal demonstration had given him. Then the procession reformed and marched back to the mission grounds in Apia.

Thus ended a most memorable day. The thought of it, indeed, will long remain with all who took part in it. August 21, 1830, the day on which John Williams landed Christian teachers on the island of Savaii, may be called the dividing-time between Samoa Old and New. March 1, 1900, is also to be remembered for the establishment of a well-ordered rule amongst a people whose frequent quarrellings and fightings had often hindered the work of the missionaries of the Gospel of peace.

CHAPTER VI

PEOPLE, HOUSES AND FOOD

NOW ask me some questions about the Samoans. "*What colour are they?*" "*What sort of houses do they live in?*" "*What do they eat and drink?*"

Oh, dear me! you ask so many questions at once. I am afraid I shall get muddled! Let me try to answer them one at a time.

"*What colour are the Samoans?*" did you say? That is a question I have often asked English boys and girls; and generally the answer has been "black." But Samoans are not black, and do not like being called black, any more than you would like to be called "niggers." They have black eyes and hair, but their skin is brown, a very pretty olive-brown colour; some are darker than others, but none are darker than chocolate, so you see it is quite wrong to call them "black."



INSIDE A SAMOAN HOUSE.

There *are* black boys in Samoa, but they are not Samoans. They

are brought from the Solomon Islands, which are about 1500 miles to the west of Samoa, to work in the cocoanut-plantations of European traders. The Samoans look down upon them and often call them "*black things*," which is just about as bad as when you call one another by unkind names. The Samoans are a proud race, and they are proud of their colour. When a missionary gets sunburnt with travel-



BEGINNING TO BUILD A SAMOAN HOUSE.

ling, they will sometimes laughingly say, "You are getting as handsome as a Samoan!" That is the answer, then, to Question 1. The Samoans are brown, though most of them have jet black eyes and hair.

Now for Question 2; "*What sort of houses do they live in?*" If no Samoan is listening, we may call them *wooden huts*, though many of them are built with a great deal of skill and are very picturesque.

They are very simple in construction ; some are round, and look like immense half cocoanut shells or great beehives others are oblong, but rounded at each end. Houses of these shapes stand best against the heavy gales that sometimes beat upon them. A number of strong tree trunks are cut and fixed firmly in the ground ; on them is built a



READY FOR THATCHING.

neat and ingenious lattice-work frame, and that in turn supports the thatched roof.

In olden days no nails were used, and all the joining was done with sinnet. This is the native string ; it is made by plaiting the fibre of a particular sort of cocoanut husk, and is tough and strong. The thatch is made from the leaf of the sugar-cane, and instead of

walls, plaited leaf-blinds or shutters are hung round the house, and these can be pulled up or let down just as the people



A HOUSE HALF-THATCHED.

wish. If it is blowing hard, or the rain is driving in on one side of the house, they are lowered on that side, but on all ordinary occasions passers-by can look into the houses and see all that is being done.

Just fancy, as people walk along the road, they can see nearly all that is going on *inside* the houses. The Samoans do not know what private life is, and they do not understand why English people sometimes like to be quiet in their own homes.

If the family is enjoying a meal, you can see them sitting on the ground, with their legs folded, tailor-fashion, and the food placed on a table-cloth on the ground too, only the tablecloth is not of white linen, but simply large freshly-cut banana leaves. Or, if you hap-

pened to be passing along the road in the hottest part of the day—you would not, if you could help it, unless you wanted to have a very bad headache or even a sunstroke—but if you *were* passing along the road at that time of day, you would be able to look into the houses and see the people resting. They nearly all rest in the early part of the afternoon, and they would probably be lying just as you see them in the picture, with a coloured wrap or a native cloth wound round them, and their necks resting on a pillow: Not their *heads*, but their *necks* resting on the pillow, because their pillow is very different from ours; it is simply a piece of bamboo with wooden legs. You would not think it very comfortable; in fact, if you were to lie on one of these pillows for a quarter of an hour, you would probably have a stiff neck, instead of a rested head.



AN AFTERNOON NAP.

I said if you were passing along the *road*, you might see all these strange and interesting sights. You must not think, however, that Samoan roads are well made, like ours. Of late years, under German rule, the roads have been greatly improved, but except in the town of Apia, the best of them are still very narrow and rough. Those on the coast, where most of the people live, are often full of holes made by crabs, which make



A FIRST-CLASS SAMOAN ROAD.

horse-travelling rather dangerous, and the inland roads, running from one side of an island to the other, over the mountains, are usually nothing more than narrow tracks through the bush or forestland. They are often very rough and steep, and cannot be climbed except on foot. Sometimes the path is cut in two by a river or mountain-stream, and you have to wade or be carried across. There are very few native bridges, and those that do exist are difficult to use, because they are simply round tree-trunks thrown across from bank to bank.

Samoans do not use much furniture, though some of them have

learned in the Mission Schools how to make excellent tables and boxes and wooden bedsteads. The houses used to have only one room ; now they often have three, one living-room and two bedrooms ; but they are all on the ground floor, so Samoan children can neither slide down the bannisters nor tumble downstairs !

Now what was Question 3 ? Oh, yes : "*What do the Samoans eat and drink ?*" I can fancy a chorus of voices saying, "Rice." At least that is the first answer which Sunday School scholars frequently give. But it is wrong. Rice does not grow in Samoa, and is not one of the chief articles of food. The people live chiefly on vegetables, fruit, and fish. Perhaps the food they most rely on is bananas. Why, I declare, some of you boys and girls are smiling all over your faces, and you look as if you would like to go and live in Samoa, where they eat bananas more than we eat bread. But the Samoans do not usually eat bananas as we eat them. They like them as fruit, but they more often bake them as vegetables. And the ovens they cook them in are not like the ovens in English houses. They are holes dug in the ground outside the house, and inlaid with stones about the size of oranges. These are heated by having a wood fire kindled on them. The ashes are then cleared away, and the bananas and other things put on the hot stones, and



TARO PLANTATION.
(*Puzzle : Find the writer of this book.*)

everything covered up with bread-fruit and banana leaves, till the food is cooked.

The Samoans have two regular meals a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, and bananas are always on the table, or rather on the floor. You must not think the Samoans are half-starved because they only have two meals a day. They have very hearty appetites at meal times, and are always ready to eat between meals as well.

But they do not live only on bananas; sometimes, to tell you the truth, they get rather tired of bananas.

"What! tired of bananas!" do you say, "I shouldn't."

Yes, they get tired of them, because they have them so often. You, boys and girls, like cake. But if you had cake for breakfast, and cake for dinner, and cake for tea, and cake for supper (if your mothers let you have supper), you would soon get tired of cake, and ask for bread and butter.

In the same way Samoans sometimes get tired of bananas, and fortunately for them there are good vegetables, such as taro, breadfruit, yams, and sweep potatoes; and they also have large supplies of cocoanuts and pineapples. The taro plant has leaves like those of the white arum lily, only much taller, and its root somewhat resembles a mangel-wurzel; when it is cooked in the native oven it has a pleasant floury taste, and makes a fairly good substitute for bread. In fact, the Samoans are fortunate in this respect. They like bread, and will buy it if there happens to be a shop anywhere near, but taro is a good substitute, and so is the breadfruit This grows on a tall and beautiful tree, which has large dark-green leaves. A breadfruit plantation, or garden, seen in the moonlight, with the native houses nestling among the trees, is one of the most beautiful

sights to be seen even in the lovely island-pearls of the Pacific. The wood of the tree is highly prized for building purposes, and the fruit is a valuable article of food. Though it is called a fruit, it is really a vegetable. It is about as large as a small melon ; it has a green rind and is pithy inside. It has not much flavour, but is wholesome and nourishing, and the Samoans are very fond of it cooked in their usual way. Europeans like it as a change from bread, and it is very agreeable to the taste when cut into slices and fried with bacon. Samoans often gather a quantity of breadfruits, and dig a big hole in the ground and bury them. They leave them there for a time, and when other foods are a little scarce, they dig them up again. If you are like me, you would get as far away as possible when the pit is being opened, because the breadfruits have partly decayed and the smell is very strong. But if you happened to be near and said to a Samoan that you would not like to eat the breadfruits, the smell was quite enough ;



BREADFRUIT TREE.

he would laugh good-naturedly and answer, *E pei o le sisi*, which means, "It is like your cheese!"

Another Samoan vegetable is the yam. Yams are highly prized, but they are not so plentiful as bananas and taro and breadfruit. They require more attention to grow them well; and the Samoan, as a rule, does not work harder than he needs. It is the root that is eaten, and a good well-baked yam is even more delicious than a good mealy potato.



THE BREADFRUIT.

Pineapples grow plentifully, and oranges and limes, though the oranges are not very good to eat. The natives often use oranges and limes where we should use soap, and indeed the same word in Samoan means both orange and soap. Missionaries and other white men are always glad when limes are in season. They are like lemons, only smaller and more juicy, and they make a cooling drink, which is most refreshing in the heat of a tropical climate.

I must tell you of a funny mistake which missionaries sometimes make before they get used to the Samoan language. The word for *lime* is very like the word for *devil;* there is only one letter different,

and so it is easy to make a slip and say, *Aumai le tiapolo*, instead of *Aumai le tipolo*. It looks such a little mistake, but it means, "Bring me the devil," instead of "Bring me a lime." Poor missionary! And lively Samoan boy trying hard to be polite and not laugh! Cannot you just imagine you see them?

Then I must tell you about the cocoanut. It is both food and drink. "What!" you say, "do the Samoans call the cocoanut food? I like a piece to chew, but I should not like to make a meal of it. And do they drink the milk? What a lot of nuts they must want to quench their thirst!"

Ah, you are thinking of the nuts that you get from "three shies a penny," which are very different things from the nuts which the Samoans like as food and drink. The nuts you get are tough inside. The Samoans do not eat these; they scrape some as fowl-food, but most of them are cut into slices and dried in the sun, and eventually they are used to make soap, candles, and cocoanut oil. The dried nut is called *copra*. It is only the young nuts that are eaten, and they are soft and creamy, and are used to make many choice Samoan delicacies.

These young nuts are full of milk, a cool and refreshing drink for the traveller who may be far away from any spring or stream of fresh water. The trees are very tall, sixty to eighty feet high, and they add much to the beauty of the scenery. The long graceful leaves grow only at the top, with the nuts in their fibrous husks clustering under them, close to the trunk. The trunk itself is quite bare, and you would find it difficult to get to the top, but most Samoan lads can climb them with ease. They tie their feet loosely together with a piece of bark; then they clasp the tree in their arms, and by planting their feet flat against the rough bark of the trunk, to get a firm hold, they draw and push themselves up till they can reach the nuts. Then

they hold on tight with one hand, and break the nuts off and throw them down with the other. How would you like to do that, seventy feet above the ground ?

Apart from fruit and vegetables, the Samoans live chiefly on fish, of which there is an abundant supply. They have fowls, but they are very small, not much bigger than bantams, and they are exceedingly



MAKING KAVA.

tough, because they live on hard cocoanut, or whatever they can pick up in the forest. They keep pigs too, but these are only eaten on special occasions. You would pull a face if you had to eat "pig" at a native feast. The pigs are roasted in the underground ovens which I have described, but Samoan ideas of cooking are different from ours. We like meat done through. The Samoans are happy when they get a piece of pig's meat very fat and only *half*-cooked.

There is one other drink of which I must tell you. It is called "*kava*," and is made from the root of the *kava* plant. If a Samoan chief wishes to give you a hearty welcome to his house, he will call his daughters to come and make *kava*. They take a piece of the dry root and grate it. In olden days it was chewed, but now that the people are more civilized, they have it grated. It is mixed with water in a peculiar shaped wooden bowl, with several legs, and scooped up in a drinking-cup, made out of a smoothed and polished half-cocoanut shell. It is not a nice-looking drink. It looks like greenish soap-suds! Nor has it at all a pleasant taste; but there is one good thing about it. It does not easily intoxicate. I have heard it said that if people drink too much, it makes them drunk *in their legs*; it paralyzes their lower limbs, and they have to sit where they are till the effect wears off. But it would certainly need a very large quantity to affect a man in that way, and I never saw or heard of any one in that condition through kava-drinking. Indeed, it is sometimes thought that the taste for *kava* has prevented the Samoans having any craving for alcoholic liquors. But whether that be so or not, it is a happy fact that the Samoans have no thirst for these things.

The German and American governments also have made laws forbidding white traders to supply the natives with alcoholic drinks, and these laws are strictly enforced. As a result, the work of the missionary has not been hindered, as it has been in so many places, by the introduction of rum and gin and other spirituous liquors.

Now I have tried to answer some of the questions which I felt sure you would want to ask. We have talked about the colour of the Samoans, their houses, and their food and drink. Let us stop here and take a short rest, and you can think perhaps of some more questions.

CHAPTER VII

PLAY

NOW we have had a rest and you have had time to think of some more questions. "*What games do the children play?*" "*Do they go to school?*"

Yes, Samoans go to school. They did not when they were heathen, for there *were* no schools. But now the Missionary Societies have schools everywhere. There is scarcely a place without one. There must be more than 200 village schools in Samoa alone, connected with the London Missionary Society, not to mention Boarding Schools, High Schools and the College at Malua. But I must tell you more about them in later chapters, because I want to answer first that other question you asked about the games which the children play. They are very fond of play, and they have plenty of amusements. Some of them they have learned from English people, but some of them they had before English missionaries and sailors ever visited Samoa.

Children and grown-up people often play the same games. They are very fond of wrestling and boxing and running races and rowing matches, and they even have *kicking matches*. We should think it a coward's sort of game, each trying to kick the other down to the ground.

Another game is *spear-throwing*. They put up a target in the distance. Sometimes the spear is a light stick, which they throw slantwise, so that it may hit the ground and then rise and bound on



SAMOAN BOYS.

towards the target. Sometimes the target may be a young cocoanut tree, cut down and planted root upwards. Then, instead of a spear they have a heavy pointed stick, which they throw into the air, so that it may travel in a curve and fall upright and stick in the target. The boys usually play with the light stick.

Then they are fond of *hide-and-seek*, and they play it just like you; only when the hider is seen, if he can run to a certain place without being caught by the seeker, he can go and hide again.

Spinning the cocoanut is another of their amusements. The children, or grown-up people, sit in a ring. Sometimes they play this game indoors, but usually out in the open air. One in the inside of the ring spins a cocoanut, just as you might "turn the trencher." You know a cocoanut shell has three black marks, or "eyes," at one end. When it stops spinning, they look to see to whom that end is pointing, and he has to pay a forfeit. They also have other "forfeit" games.

Sometimes they play at *making rhymes*. They pick sides and one side will choose the names of trees and another the names of people. Those who choose the trees might say, "There is the *Fau* tree, tell us a man's name to rhyme with it." A correct reply would be *Fulifau*.

Or one side might name a bird, and the other would be expected to name a fish that rhymed with it. If a rhyme is not quickly given, a forfeit is required.

There are also *guessing games*. Two children will sit opposite each other on the ground. One will hold up a closed fist; quickly show a certain number of fingers, and immediately open his hand, palm upwards, on the ground. The other is expected to hold up quickly the same number of fingers. If he fails, his opponent scores a point.



LAFOGA: A SAMOAN GAME RESEMBLING QUOITS.

Among the *guessing games* they are fond of, is *Riddles*. I am not clever at remembering riddles, but here are a few. If I were living in Samoa, it would be easy to find many more.

There are twenty brothers, each with a hat on his head.

Answer: A man's fingers and toes; the nails of which are regarded as "hats."

Four brothers, who are always carrying their father.

Answer: A Samoan pillow, a piece of bamboo with four legs (*see page* 113). *The bamboo is the father and the legs the four brothers.*

A man who stands between two hungry fish.



EDUCATED GIRLS.

Answer : The tongue between the teeth of the upper and lower jaws.

A man who stands continually out of doors holding a burden.

Answer : A banana tree, with a bunch of bananas. (See the frontispiece).

A man who keeps on calling out night and day.

Answer : The surf beating continually against the coral reef.

Sometimes English boys and girls try to say hard sentences, like : " Round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran," or " Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper."

If you try to say those sentences quickly, you will probably trip and stutter. Samoans amuse themselves with similar sentences. Here is one :

Na au sau mai Maliolio,
Lou ala i umu,
Lou ala i paito,
Lou ala i puto pute,
Lou ala i pute puto.



A YOUNG SAMOAN.

If any one slips in saying it, he has to pay a forfeit.

They have games something like draughts, and quoits, and they are very fond of marbles and cricket. I have often seen grown men playing marbles, and quite as excited over the game as ever you children are.

They learned how to play cricket from British sailors, but you would split your sides with laughing if you could see them. They play on any open space, it does not matter how uneven it is. They only have two stumps, and for a bat a sort of club made of cocoanut wood. It is heavier at one end than the other, and round, just a little bit flattened on one side. You cannot cut and snick and place, and drive beautifully along the ground. It is all a matter of "slogging," and the one who can slog the highest and furthest gets the biggest scores. But there are no "three-figure scores" as in our county cricket matches, because there are so many fielders. There are often a hundred or more playing in one match, men and women together, and a match will sometimes last for weeks! And all the while they play, a band will be playing too, but so differently from an English band. Frequently, their only instrument is a drum, either a hollowed-out log or more often now an empty kerosene tin. You can imagine the music is not very sweet. Still, it is great fun to play Samoan cricket, though I have only played in half-day matches with

the students at Malua. It is a serious thing in many ways when matches are prolonged for several weeks.

Samoans are very fond of singing, like many of the Pacific peoples. (I should say, by the way, that many of the games which I have mentioned are enjoyed in other South Sea Islands just as much as they are in Samoa.) They sing in their homes and they sing as they row and paddle their canoes, and they sing very heartily in Church. Most of their songs and hymns are started in a high key by a small number of singers known as *usupese*, or song-starters ; then all the rest join in as a chorus. But though they are fond of singing, they have few musical instruments, and have no great ear for music, as we think of music. They have the simple wooden drum, and a trumpet made from a conch-shell, and a bamboo flute, and several pipes, or whistles, made of different kinds of wood. They are



GIRLS MIXING KAVA.
(*See Chapter VI.*)

greatly delighted with a harmonium or piano, and I can scarcely imagine what they would think of a good pipe organ.

They often fish for amusement, and they are splendid swimmers. Boys and girls can often swim almost as soon as they can walk. Just as an English boy might say to another, "You're a coward, you're afraid of being hit by a cricket ball," a Samoan might say, "You're a coward, because you can't swim," or "because you're afraid to climb a cocoanut."

They have great powers of endurance in the water. Not many years ago a boat was swamped in the open sea in crossing from Upolu to Savaii (look on the map and see where they are), and one woman, a mother with her baby, kept herself afloat for thirteen hours until she was rescued. She had an oar to cling to, but neither she nor the little one were any the worse a few days after.

But the supreme delight of the South Sea Islanders is *surf-swimming*. They get a thin board of strong light wood, three or four feet long, and take it out to the reef. Do you know what the reef is? You have heard of the wonderful little coral insects, that build and build under the sea until their building reaches the surface. The reef is built by these coral insects; it is often jagged and pointed; sometimes it is smoothed by the water continually dashing against it and over it; but it is always dangerous to boats. In some places there are openings through which boats and even large vessels may pass, and in other places where the reef has not been built quite so high, the natives will wait for a big wave to come and lift them, boat and all, over the reef. This is called "jumping the reef," and the slightest mistake in timing the wave may mean that the boat and its passengers will all be upset in the white, foaming surf and perhaps dashed against the coral rocks.

But though the reefs have their dangers, they are very useful.

The lagoon, that is, the water between the reef and the sea, is calm and safe for fishing and canoeing and travelling in open boats, and often affords good anchorage for small vessels. It is in the safe waters of these lagoons that the young men play at surf-swimming. They press the flat end of the board against the chest, and stretching their hands over the rounded end, they stand on the outer edge of the reef, waiting



SURF AT APIA.

for some great wave to carry them on its crest to the beach. They simply revel in the foam and spray, and it all looks very jolly and easy; but until you know how to do it, you get knocked about a great deal by the huge waves, and you must be careful not to get thrown against a big stone or any other obstacle.

You have all heard of the great missionary James Chalmers, who is better known by the name of "Tamate." You may remember

how he was cruelly murdered by the savages of New Guinea in the month of April, 1901. When Chalmers was a young missionary, he once tried what he could do at surf-swimming, and nearly lost his life in the attempt. This is his own account of the adventure. "During our stay on the island (Niuē), I nearly lost my life. I was greatly interested in the surf-swimming, and often watched the lads at it. One day the sea was particularly big, and I determined whilst bathing to try and run in on a sea with a plank. I got too far out and was sucked back to the big boulders, and the seas washing me about, I got much bruised and cut. I can remember feeling that all was lost, when a great sea caught me, and threw me on to a boulder, and I felt now or never, and with a terrible effort I clung to it, and then rising, gave one spring, and landed where help could come to me. I was picked up, and carried to the house. I was in bed for several days. I never again tried surf-swimming."

But the Samoan lads and young men enjoy few things better, and they will amuse themselves in this way for hours together.

Another and somewhat similar game is known as *gliding*. The children especially are fond of it. They go out in little canoes till they meet the small waves rolling back from off the reef; then just at the right moment they skilfully turn their canoes round and glide back on the crest of the wave towards the beach, plying their little paddles as hard as they can, and shouting with delight, especially if a canoe happens to get overturned! There is little danger to Samoan children in the calm waters of the lagoon, and they wear next to no clothing, so they are not afraid that mother will scold them for spoiling a good suit.

"*What do the Samoans wear?*" did somebody ask? Let us see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

CLIMATE, CLOTHING, ANIMALS AND INSECTS

SAMOA is a hot country all the year round, so the Samoans do not wear much clothing, and they have no winter suits. Perhaps you have never had a Turkish bath, but you know what it is like to go into a heated greenhouse. Most of you boys and girls have good eyes, but some of you have to wear spectacles. You may have worked too hard at school, or you may have been foolish and tried to read by firelight. But if you do wear spectacles and go into a hot greenhouse with them on, you know how steamy they get. That is just the sort of climate in which the Samoans live. Unfortunately, I have to wear glasses, and in Samoa I had to be continually taking them off to rub them so that I could see plainly.

It is nearly as hot at night as it is in the daytime, and so Samoans do not need many bedclothes. They simply wrap a cloth round them and lie down to sleep.

In Old Samoa the clothing was made of leaves, and usually consisted of a leafy girdle and belt. Sometimes the girdle was made of *siapo*, or native cloth. This was made from the paper-mulberry tree. The inner bark is soaked in water and beaten out flat on a board; then it is joined together with arrowroot paste, and patterns are painted on it with native dyes and earths.

But since white men have lived in the islands, and white traders have been anxious to sell their goods, the *siapo* has been largely



A SAMOAN DEACON AND HIS DAUGHTER

replaced by cloths of European manufacture. The little children still enjoy great freedom from clothes, but the men and women are eager to imitate Europeans to some extent, though they are wise enough not to wear European clothes in every particular. They pride themselves on having "best clothes," and these may be described in a few sentences. The men wear a vest or a jacket of thin white drill, and a loincloth of the same material, whilst the women look very graceful in long, loose-flowing print dresses of various colours and patterns. In olden days *fine mats* were considered the most valuable articles of clothing. These are made by the women from the leaf of the pandanus-tree. The leaves are scraped clean, and then cut into narrow strips, and plaited into mats from two to three yards square. Many months and even years are spent in making a single mat. They are very much treasured to-day, but are only worn as clothing on very special occasions.



A SAMOAN WARRIOR, WITH HEAD-DRESS.

Another kind of fine mat is made from the bark of the tropical nettle plant. These mats are bleached white, and have a shaggy, woolly appearance which looks comfortable, but rather too warm for the climate.

The Samoans are very fond of ornaments. They often wear necklaces of shells or sharks' teeth or scented berries or flowers, and rings of tortoise-shell; and you will scarcely meet a woman or girl at any time without flowers in her hair or behind her ear. In war-time the men used to wear high head-dresses made of human hair; this was usually black, but sometimes the hair was dyed brown with clay and limewater.

The high chiefs often had head-dresses of red feathers, but these were very costly, as the particular kind of pigeon from which the feathers were got was very scarce; indeed, at the present time none are to be found. They have probably all been destroyed by the wild cats of the forest.

The Samoans take a great pride in dressing their hair. The women and girls do theirs in very attractive styles, and they often dye the hair brown with lime. This is done partly out of vanity, and partly, they say, to protect their heads from the scorching heat of the sun, for they wear no hats. They wear neither shoes nor stockings, and walk long distances over rough stony paths barefoot. In olden days men shaved with cockle-shells and the hair was cut with a shark's tooth. If you look at the picture of little Samoan boys (*see page* 75), you will see that some of them have their heads shaved, or partly shaved, and some have their hair cut very short. Think how it must have hurt them to have their hair sawn off with a shark's tooth, or their head shaved with two cockle-shells! Do you not think they would be very glad when scissors and razors were taken to Samoa?

Now we have talked a good deal about the people of Samoa; but perhaps you have been wondering if there are any wild animals in the forests, or if the Samoans have any animals as pets. There are no lions or tigers or panthers, because the islands were never joined to the mainland. They were thrown up from beneath the sea by earthquakes or volcanic eruptions, and you will be sorry to hear that several volcanoes are burning now on the island of Savaii, and doing a great deal of damage. For two hundred years or more these volcanoes had been quiet, and large forest trees had grown and covered the mountain sides with a beautiful coat of green; but in November, 1902, there were terrible earthquakes for ten days, and then a hole was torn in a mountain-top, and flames shot high into the air, and red-hot lava flowed down into the valley, burning everything that it touched. Last year three more volcanoes became active, and many houses and gardens have been destroyed. The people were very much afraid, but not so frightened as they might have been, for many of them love Jesus now and believe in the love and wisdom of God; they know that He will only do what is best for them, and when the danger first came they used to meet day after day, in the early morning, at sunrise, and hold prayer meetings. As a result of these meetings, the people have been able to remain quietly in their homes, and there has been no panic.

There are no lions and tigers, then, in Samoa. There are a few snakes, but none poisonous. The only savage animals are fierce boars and wild cats. When pigs and cats were first taken to Samoa they were tame, and they have become wild through living in the bush or forests. Sometimes when a missionary is giving medicine to the sick, a man is brought to him who has been dangerously wounded by the tusk of a savage boar, or badly scratched by a wild cat.



A BEAUTIFUL SCENE IN SAMOA.

Pigs are often kept by the people, and fattened for food at festivals and large family gatherings. A few years ago they used to stray about the roads and get into the gardens and do a lot of damage; but now the people are obliged by law to keep them in walled enclosures. Dogs and cats are found in many houses, but unfortunately the dogs are not very handsome, and the cats have killed off many of the most beautiful birds, so that they are no longer found in Samoa.

The dogs are not well cared for like ours; they are often half starved and lean and fierce-looking, and covered with sores. There are not as many as there used to be, for a law was made a few years ago that a certain sum of money should be paid for every dog kept, just like the dog licences which your fathers pay here. The Government told the native policemen that they could keep the money which they collected as their wages, but the poor policemen did not get rich, for the people at once destroyed a very large number of their dogs. They thought they had tricked their rulers, and they did not realize that the Government had got rid of a great number of dogs which were covered with sores, and carried disease wherever they went.

The Samoans have horses; they are strong and useful, but nearly always look hungry, because there is no good grass for them to eat. For the same reason there are not many cows, and there are no sheep, because the grass is too wet for their tender feet; but there are numbers of goats.

"*Are there any mice?*" did that little girl ask? I never saw one, and do not think there are any; but there are thousands of rats.



A MODEL VILLAGE.

They are not as big or as fierce as English rats, but they are very troublesome. We could often sit in our house and watch them playing hide-and-seek on the rafters and beams above our heads. I ought to explain that missionaries in Samoa live in houses that have thatched roofs and no ceilings, because they wish to have as much fresh air as possible. So it is quite easy to look right up to the roof.

Sometimes the rats would fall down into the house, and then we had some exciting times.

But if there are few wild animals in Samoa, there are uncountable armies of insects. I expect you know there are always plenty of these in tropical countries, and Samoa is only thirteen or fourteen degrees to the south of the equator, that imaginary line which you have been told at school passes round the middle of the earth, and marks the hottest places.

There are mosquitoes, very little things like gnats, but they *can* bite! They settle on your face or hands, and they seem especially fond of lighting on your stockings where you cannot see them, and the first warning comes too late. They give their poisonous little bite and fly away, and you know nothing about it till your leg or ankle begins to itch and tingle, and you want to rub and scratch; but you must not, or you will soon have some painful sores. These mosquitoes are always troublesome, except when the cool trade winds drive them away for a few hours; but they are especially troublesome at night, and all the white people, and some of the Samoans, sleep inside mosquito nets. These nets are made of fine muslin hung all round the bed, and securely tucked under the mattress, and woe betide you if the net is not kept in good order, for little sleep will be got if there is even one mosquito biting and buzzing inside.

Your mother does not like cockroaches, does she? She would have to get used to them in Samoa, and, as a matter of fact, she soon would. What you cannot avoid, you soon learn to bear. These insects seem in keeping with the place, and, after all, missionary housewives have something else to do than fret over such things. These cockroaches are much more venturesome than English beetles, for after dark (and it is always dark soon after six o'clock) they fly



ON THE LAGOON, FALEALILI.

about in swarms ; now and again you may get a slap on the cheek, and you will know a cockroach is angry, because you did not get out of his way. They are hungry beings, too, and seem to have good powers of digestion, for, with the rats and bookworms, they do a great deal of damage to books. The bookworm gets into a book and burrows straight through it, making little holes about the size of a pin-point. The cockroach scrapes off patches of the coloured binding, whilst the rats gnaw the book, cover and all, into pieces. Now what do you think we do to stop their destructive little games ? We *varnish* our books, varnish the covers, just as if they were pieces of furniture. It does not improve the appearance of a book, but it does help to keep the contents safe.

If the girls have been interested to hear about the cockroaches, the boys will like to know about centipedes. You know what they

are; at least, those of you who are fortunate enough to live in the country will have seen them, and perhaps been thoughtless enough to poke them with sticks and hurt them when you have found them in a garden. They are small worm-shaped animals, with a lot of jointed legs. We used to call them "hundred-legs," when I was a boy. The English ones are not more than an inch long, but in Samoa some grow to be four or four and a half inches in length, and they sting very painfully. In the rainy season I have counted twenty-three of these large centipedes in and near our bedroom. I have known them creep in among the bedclothes, and sting people when they were asleep, and sometimes they fall from the thatched roof on to the mat which does duty for carpet, and any one who happened to be sitting near would be sure to jump up very quickly.

Now and again, but not very often, you might see a scorpion, and you would be anxious to give it a wide berth. In the book of *Revelation*, chapter ix, verse 10, there is an exact description of these scorpions: "*They had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails.*" They look something like spiders, only their bodies are longer, and they have a poisonous sting in their tails, and claws like those of a lobster, but much smaller.

There are plenty of lizards of various sizes, that dart quickly along the ground; and many of them are very prettily coloured and marked. But I must tell you about the crickets. They are something like grasshoppers or locusts in appearance, but they seem to be able to tell the time, for every evening at six o'clock, or soon after, they begin to chirp, and they keep on chirping all through the night. They begin so punctually that Samoans will say, "Where were you when the crickets chirped?" just as we might say, "Where were you when the sun set?"

CHAPTER IX

SEASONS AND SOIL

IF I ask you how many seasons there are, you will say, "Four." And if I ask you again, "Are you sure?" you will probably answer, "Yes, quite sure: spring, summer, autumn and winter."

If you were speaking of England or Scotland or Wales or Ireland, you would be quite right; but if you were thinking of Samoa, you would be wrong, for there are only two seasons there, and they are not usually called spring or summer or autumn or winter, but simply the "dry season" and the "wet, or rainy season." The dry season lasts from April to October and the wet from November to March. There is some rain even in the dry months of the year, but generally the sun is very bright and the sky cloudlessly clear, and for several hours every day a refreshing wind blows. This wind (known as the "Trade wind") is not cold and bracing, but it is cooler and drier than other winds that blow in Samoa, and so it is refreshing. Unfortunately it dies away about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and so the nights do not seem to be much cooler than the days. The average heat *in the house* during the daytime is about 85° all the year round, and at night the thermometer only falls about ten or fifteen degrees. As a matter of fact, the lowest *I* ever knew it fall to was 68°, and that was out-of doors, at two o'clock in the night, on the top of an extinct volcano, which was higher than the trees of the forest and exposed to all the winds. I cannot stop to explain now how the

thermometer works, but 68°, which was the coldest night I ever knew in Samoa, is about the same heat which we feel in England on a hot summer's night.

In the rainy season the weather is even hotter, and I will try to tell you why. The Trade wind drops and *splash* ! comes the rain. When it rains in Samoa it *pours*, and Shakespeare's song is almost literally true, "*The rain it raineth every day.*" It does not rain quite *every* day, but it pours in torrents for a week or even more, and then suddenly the rain stops and the sun shines out and blazes for a few days as it seldom does here, with the result that the damp rises everywhere, and men, women and children, insects, trees and plants are all steamed as in a vapour-bath. The men, women and children find it very trying, and are fortunate indeed if they escape sharp attacks of fever and suffer from nothing worse than painful boils. But the insects enjoy it and multiply amazingly, and the trees and plants thrive on it and grow apace.

Towards the end of March the winds often blow with almost hurricane force ; not with such terrific force as they do in Fiji and some other parts of the Pacific, but still they are much too strong to be pleasant, and they frequently do a great deal of damage. They tear up the banana-trees and sometimes uproot cocoanut palms and breadfruit trees, and overturn native houses. The stone houses and churches usually stand firm, but unless great care is taken and heavy branches are placed on the thatch, the roofs of even these may be lifted up and carried away bodily. Sometimes, as an additional safeguard, the roofs are tied down with strong cords. A severe storm like this is called *O le afā*, which means " It will be the four," or " the wind will blow from all the four points of the compass at one and the same time." Sometimes the *afā* blows on the land only, and then houses



A COCOANUT PALM.



COCOANUT PALMS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

are wrecked and crops destroyed, and there is great scarcity of food. Often these gales are accompanied by heavy thunderstorms, and cocoanut palms and other trees are struck and blackened by lightning.

Sometimes the *afā* blows only on the sea, and much damage is done to shipping. Such a hurricane blew on March 16, 1889. At that time the dangerous harbour of Apia was crowded with men-of-war. Three of these were German, three American and one British, and there were trading vessels besides. In the morning all were riding securely at anchor; in the evening all were wrecked save the *Calliope*, the British man-of-war, which had gallantly steamed out to safety on the open sea through the narrow opening in the reef which forms the

harbour mouth. Six men-of-war, six merchant vessels and many smaller ships had been wrecked. More than a hundred sailors lost their lives, and many were only saved through the brave and heroic efforts of their Samoan rescuers.

But if storms occasionally work such havoc, yet the damp heat is also the cause of Samoa's fertile soil and beautiful scenery. Without the brilliant sunshine and the pouring rain it would never have been called the "*Pearl of the Pacific.*" The islands are almost covered



TRAVELLING THROUGH THE BUSH.

with forestland, which those who live in Samoa call "the bush." If you have relations in Australia, you may have heard them speak of living in "the bush"; that means what we should mean by a forest. The Samoan "bush" runs from the mountain-tops inland almost down to the sea. There is a narrow belt of land on the coast where the people live, and at the back of the houses are their plantations; but all behind that, up one side of the mountains and down the other till you come again to the plantations and houses on the

coast, there is bushland, which is very beautiful. It is rough to walk through and sometimes difficult to climb, but it is very beautiful. Large trees tower high above the traveller, and they grow so close to one another, and so quickly, that their branches seem interwoven one with another. Often they are covered with creepers all the way up the trunks and along the branches. These creepers sometimes trail along near the ground, and it is not easy to pass them; sometimes they hang overhead from branch to branch like great ropes or ships' cables.



A BANYAN TREE.

Here and there are giant banyan trees, which throw down fresh roots from their branches, and in that way cover a great space of ground, often uprooting other large trees in their growth outward. The first banyan tree which I ever saw had uprooted a large tree in this way, and as if in revenge the tree had fallen with a crash right into the middle of the banyan, breaking off some of its stoutest branches and lying there with its own roots high in the air.

I once heard of a Samoan minister who preached from the

text, "*And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life*" (Rev. xxii. 2). He seemed to think that the verse meant that it was one single tree which in some peculiar way grew on both sides of the "river of water of life," and he explained the difficulty by saying that it must have been a great banyan-tree, which grew on one bank and sent a long bough over the river and then dropped a branch which rooted on the other side! Of course that is not the real meaning, but it struck me as a very ingenious explanation.

Then there are other big trees with stems growing out at the foot of the trunk which look almost like natural boards of timber.

There are not as many flowering plants as in England, but a great variety of flowering trees and large tree-ferns and ordinary ferns growing wild all over the bush.

The soil is so rich that native gardening is not a very difficult matter. The ground has only to be scratched or "tickled" with a stick, and a large supply of vegetables and fruits may be grown. This will partly account for the fact that the Samoans are not hard workers. I do not like to call them *idle*. I love the Samoans, and perhaps that would be too hard a name to call them. Besides, if we white people had our living so bountifully provided for us by Nature, I am not so sure that we should work as we do.

Still, they do not like hard work. They get up early in the morning —that is more than some English boys and girls do,—and most of them go inland to their plantations and weed and plant and get the necessary supply of food for the family, whilst some remain at home to cook the morning meal. But all that does not mean more than a few hours' work, and those who are not being educated in mission schools spend the greater part of the day in chatting, smoking, playing and sleeping.

I have been told that a native of New Guinea once went to a mission-

ary, and, thinking to please him, said, "Me velly good Christian. Me no work ; me sing hymn, me read the Bible, me pray. Me velly good Christian, me no work." What a wrong idea he had formed of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ ! Perhaps he had got it in this way. The people of New Guinea are fierce and warlike ; they would fight with one another as a matter of course. Before the missionaries went to New Guinea, they had never been told it was wrong to fight and kill and eat one another. Fighting might almost be said to have been their chief occupation, the great business of their lives. But when the first missionaries went they showed it was wrong to fight ; they took the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, and taught the people to worship Him. And so their chief occupation being taken away, some of the poor ignorant people thought that Christianity meant being idle. The missionaries soon pointed out the great mistake which they were making, and in many different ways they are trying to-day to show the people how to improve their condition by honest work.

You, boys and girls, know what mischief you get into when you have nothing to do. And the same thing happens in Samoa and New Guinea, and indeed everywhere else. The people give way to all sorts of wickedness, simply because they do not know how to occupy their time. In Samoa, for example, many of the people, and indeed until quite recently all of them, were quite satisfied if they could grow their bananas and taro and bread fruits and cocoanuts, and get their food with the least amount of trouble. They had no idea how many useful things would grow well in the fertile soil of their islands.

But the missionaries soon saw that if the people were to become really good Christians, they must learn to be diligent and industrious. So they not only preached about Jesus, but began to teach the people many



WAR DRILL.

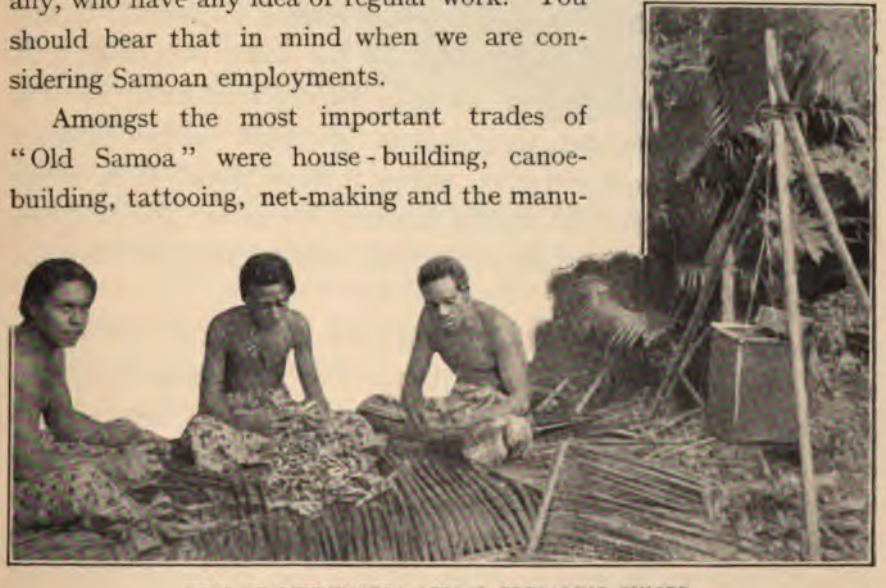
other useful things. They have founded schools and colleges, and are teaching the people carpentry and tropical gardening and printing, and other trades which will help them to use their hands and exercise their brains and spend their time wisely. Some of these things will be explained in a later chapter, but in the next chapter you may learn about some of the employments which Samoans followed before any missionaries settled amongst them.

CHAPTER X

TRADES AND EMPLOYMENTS

SAMOANS, from the early days of their history, have followed many simple trades; but, as we have seen in the chapter before this, they cannot be called hard workers. They do not keep on at their work like English people, but do a little at a time, just as the fit seizes them. And they rest almost longer than they work! It is only those who have been trained by white men, missionaries especially, who have any idea of regular work. You should bear that in mind when we are considering Samoan employments.

Amongst the most important trades of "Old Samoa" were house-building, canoe-building, tattooing, net-making and the manu-



BOYS AT LEULUMOEGA SCHOOL PREPARING GINGER.

facture of mats and fans and baskets and sinnet. I will try to describe them as they were carried on in olden days; since white traders have settled in Samoa and money has become more plentiful, many of the old customs have died out.

House-building was one of the most important trades. If a man wanted a house built, he would go to a master-builder and explain what sort of a house he wanted, and then offer him a valuable fine mat as a sign that he would honourably pay for the work to be done. If the mat were accepted, it was understood that the builder was ready to undertake the job. That was the only agreement made. They did not discuss how much the house was to cost; it was simply left for the builder and his men to put up the house, and the man for whom the work was to be done would nearly always pay what was asked for. If he did not, he was soon in a fix, because the builder and his men would go away and leave the house unfinished, and, according to Samoan custom, no other builder dare finish it. The builder and his workmen were paid in fine mats, for the Samoans knew nothing of gold and silver money in those days. If it were a large house, it might cost several hundred fine mats. Beside these, the workmen had their board and lodging found all the time the house was being built.

Though Samoan houses look like wooden huts, yet it used to take six or even nine months to build them. This was because the workmen had so few tools, and the few they had were very slow to work with. They had no iron or steel, but simply stone and shell axes and adzes. You can think how long it would take to cut down the necessary trees with axes of sharpened stone! It might take them a day to fell one tree, and perhaps all the next day would be spent in sharpening their axes again.

Another important trade was *canoe-building*. It is not so important now as it was fifty years ago. European rowing boats have come much more into fashion. Many chiefs have their own small ones, and most villages possess large ones of their own. These are much more roomy and comfortable than the long narrow canoes of Old Samoa.



MISSION BOYS REPAIRING A BOAT.

The canoe is chiefly used to-day for fishing, or when one or two natives require to make a hurried voyage from one island to another. These canoes are not so neatly and carefully made as the olden ones were. In early days it was an expensive thing to have a canoe made, for only skilled workmen could make them. You must remember they had no iron tools and no nails. All the planks had to be cut with stone hatchets, and the boards were literally sewn together with sinnet. To make them watertight they were smeared with the gum of the breadfruit tree, which made a capital substitute for pitch. Sometimes they were forty or fifty feet long, and as they were seldom more than twenty-five or thirty inches wide, they required an outrigger to keep them steady in the water. This outrigger was a simple wooden framework fixed securely on one side of the canoe (see illustration on page 35).



MALUA STUDENTS PREPARING TO FISH.

The canoes were strongly built and beautifully finished, but you would never think that any one could travel hundreds of miles in them. Yet the Samoans did; they would erect a sail and then paddle them along, digging the paddles into the water and pushing themselves along, just as you may have done on some river in a little "Canadian" canoe; only they would travel on the great Pacific Ocean, and some of the Maori legends show that Samoans have voyaged in this way for over a thousand miles. For the Maoris live in New Zealand, and New Zealand is more than a thousand miles from Samoa. Of course they would call at other islands on the way; but even then it was a wonderful feat, for they would be days and nights on the open sea in all weathers and go hundreds of miles without landing anywhere.

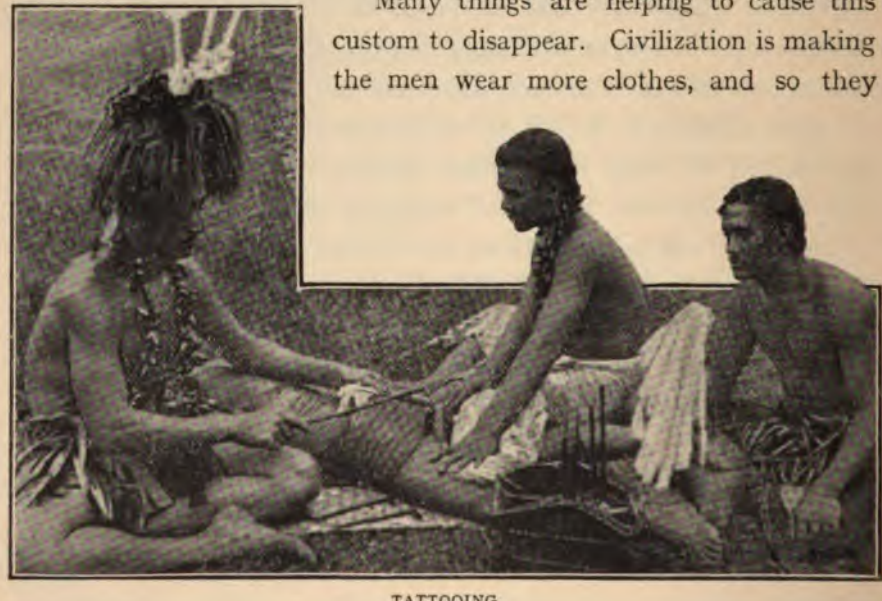
But I was to explain why canoes were so costly. First of all, there were very few skilled canoe-builders. They could ask almost what they liked for wages. Then they built the canoe, not in their own workshops, but somewhere near the home of the chief who wanted it. He had to supply the board and lodging, not only of the builder, but also of his family and his servants, and perhaps many of his relations who would be sure to accompany him ; and as if that were not enough, he would have to support the workmen and their families and their servants all the time that the canoe was being built. So if a chief wanted a canoe, the first thing he did was to enlarge his plantations and plant more taro ; then he would see if the breadfruit trees promised a good crop, and then he would beg and borrow as many fine mats as he could from his relations all over Samoa.

It looks a nice easy way of doing, to beg or borrow from your relations when you want anything ; but one drawback to the arrangement is that *they* in their turn will come and borrow from you when *they* want anything ! So you do not gain much in the long run. But this method of living has greater drawbacks than that. It often stops the industrious ones from working ; they say to themselves, " What is the use of me working when those who are idle come and ask for what I have earned, and I am obliged by the customs of our people to give it ? " Some of you may remember that the Apostle Paul thought that those who could work and would not, ought not to expect to have enough to eat (2 Thess. iii. 10.). The Samoans are only just beginning to understand the wisdom of that law of life.

Another trade that used to be much more common than it is now is *tattooing*. Tattooers were highly paid, generally in fine mats and food. But the custom is dying out, and you will be glad that it is, for it was not only a very painful thing, but was generally accompanied

by many evil practices. In olden days a young man regarded tattooing as a sign of manhood, just as an English boy might think he was a man when he grew big enough to wear long trousers. Only I am sure you would rather wear trousers than bear the pain of tattooing!

The tattooing instrument was a human bone, usually taken from the bodies of those who had been killed in war. These bones were rubbed thin and flat, and then notched like combs by being cut with the sharpened edges of strong sea-shells. These comb-like bones were fixed into a wooden handle, dipped into black candle-nut powder, then driven into the skin with a wooden hammer. This was done again and again, day after day. It might even be a month or more before the operation was finished, so you will see how painful it must have been.



TATTOOING.

Many things are helping to cause this custom to disappear. Civilization is making the men wear more clothes, and so they

are unable to gratify their vanity by displaying the tattooed patterns. The expense and the painful nature of the operation are also helping to hasten its end, but above all and best of all, Christian education and the spread of the Gospel are leading the people to hate the wicked practices that accompanied it.

Did some one ask, "*Are there any Samoan doctors?*" Yes, there are, but not very good ones. As a rule the people are only too glad to get medicine from the missionaries, or go to the white doctors in Apia. Indeed, a large part of a missionary's time is occupied with listening to descriptions of illnesses, many real, some imaginary, and then giving medicine to cure them. Some cases are amusing, some are annoying, some make the missionary's heart rejoice. Sometimes, like doctors at home, a missionary is called out in the night to attend a case. He may wake up to find some one at his bedside, speaking through the mosquito net and saying something like this, "*Misi e, faamolemole lava, o le mai tele lava i Malua, o le taitai o Pai ua tiga tele lava. E iloga pe ola taeao.*" ("Sir, we are *very* sorry to disturb you, but there's a serious illness in Malua; the monitor So-and-So is in very great pain. It is doubtful whether he will be alive in the morning.")

So the missionary gets up and goes off half a mile in the dark (for there are no street lamps) to the house where the *taitai* lives; and he finds a man in great pain, lying on the floor and groaning terribly, with a roomful of people making all the air foul. But cases like this are not uncommon, so the missionary has brought the medicine with him; he mixes a few drops of chlorodyne, gives it the patient, and tells the people to leave him and let him sleep. Next morning the sick man is quite well, and going about as usual. It was only a sharp attack of indigestion, due to a too hearty meal overnight, perhaps of half-cooked pig.

Such cases can be laughed at afterwards, but sometimes very serious cases require attention, and the people who are relieved or cured are very grateful. The annoying cases are those in which the friends of the sick one get impatient and go to a native doctor, who



CORAL PILED FOR FIRING.
Lime Ovens are used largely in Church and School building.

undoes all the good that has been accomplished by days, and perhaps weeks, of careful and anxious treatment on the part of the missionary.

In olden days the Samoans firmly believed in *sorcery*. They would go to a sorcerer and get him to apply his remedies. He would pretend to "charm" the sickness away by saying incantations and

making a sing-song noise over the sick person. Then if the patient felt a little better, they would praise the skill of the sorcerer; but if, as was generally the case, the patient got no better, the sorcerer would make all sorts of excuses to account for the failure, and the poor ignorant people would believe him, and be quite ready to rely on him again when sickness seized them. The native doctoring consists largely of rubbing (or as we call it, *massage*), and the application of leaf poultices. This is a great step in advance of the sorcerer's incantations, for in certain cases of illness it does much good; but most of the people are only too pleased to make use of the white man's medicine. There are very few now who believe in sorcery.

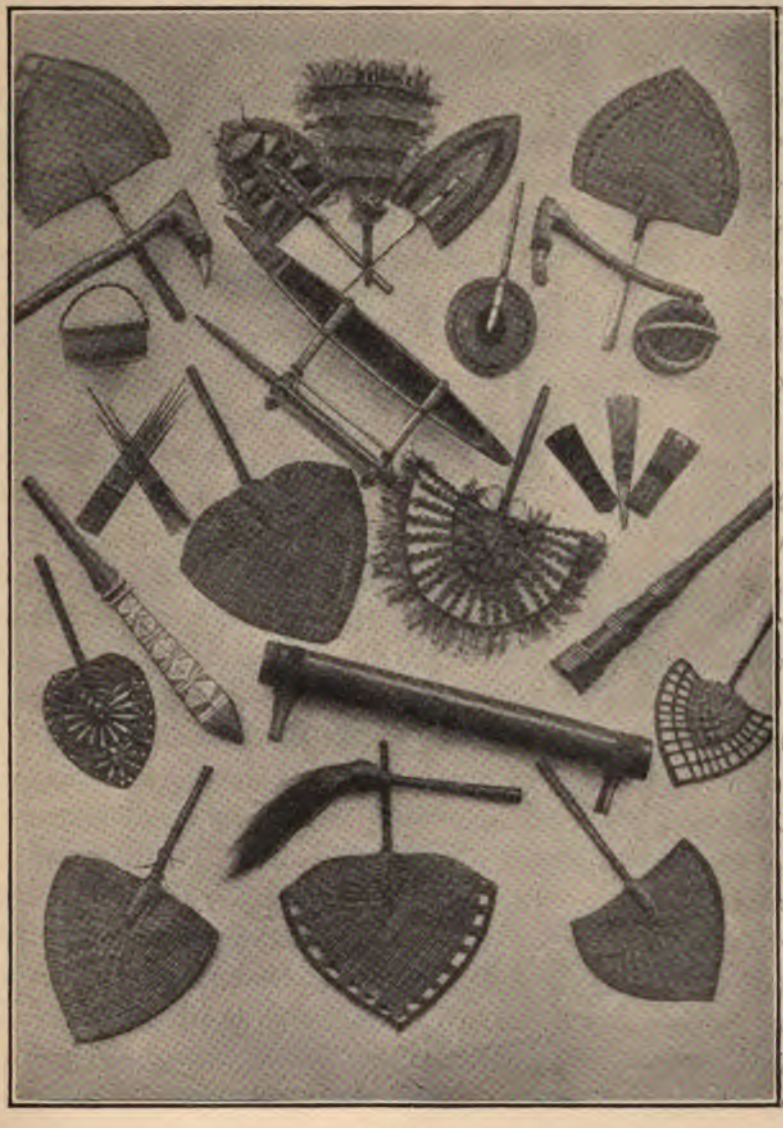
Indeed, it is one of the missionary's greatest joys to hear the people pray to God, who is their heavenly Father, as He is ours. Christian Samoans know the value of prayer in time of need, and many of them, in time of sickness, earnestly ask God to bless the remedies used; many of them are able to pray that God's will may be done; and if the illness ends fatally and death comes and takes their loved ones, they are able to look forward to meeting them again in heaven. That is one of the great changes that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has worked in Samoa.

But I must not close this chapter on *Trades and Employments* without just a word on *women's work*. There are some things which are only done by the women and girls, such as siapo-making and mat-weaving, and thatch-sewing and net-making. I wonder if you have forgotten what I have told you about some of these employments? Shall I refresh your memories? The women make native-cloth, or *siapo*, from the inner bark of the paper-mulberry tree, and fine mats from the leaf of the pandanus-tree, or the bark of the

tropical nettle (see Chapter VIII); they also plait coarser mats which they use as carpets (sometimes when they are going to Church, they will carry small floor mats with them to sit on, instead of sitting on the damp ground).

Then it is the women and girls who sew the thatch for roofing the houses, and plait the leaf blinds which are so useful in keeping out the rain and wind. The women also make beautiful baskets and useful fans of cocoa-nut leaf. There are so many flies and mosquitoes, and the weather is so hot, that white people are often thankful to get a good strong fan which will make a refreshing current of cool air.

Then it is the women who make the fishing-nets. The Samoans are such clever fishers and depend so largely for food on the fish they catch, that *net-making* is a most important industry. As I have told you, the people live chiefly on the coast; but there are some inland villages, and it is the women of these inland villages who make most of the nets. This seems strange, but there is a sufficient reason for it. The nets are made of tree-fibre, and the inland villages are the nearest to the bush where the trees grow. The women get the bark of the hibiscus-tree; it is a tree with beautiful bell-like flowers, sometimes of a rich crimson shade, sometimes of a lovely golden hue. But it is the bark that is used for the manufacture of fishing-nets. The rough outer surface is scraped off with a shell on a board, and then the inner fibrous bark is twisted with the palm of the hand and rolled on the thigh till it is as thick or thin as is needed. For large strong nets it is rolled into thick cord, and for the smaller nets it is rolled into thin string; then the cord or string is threaded with a wooden needle, and looped together just in the same way as you might make a hammock or a tennis-net. Some nets might be only eighteen inches square, others might be a hundred feet long and thirty or forty



CURIOS :

Fans, Hatchets, Baskets. Canoe with Outrigger, Combs, Clubs, Bamboo Pillow, Fly-flapper.

feet wide. It all depends on the sort of fishing for which they are required. Many of these nets, especially the smaller ones, are finished so neatly and finely that you might think they were made by skilled Europeans. These fishing-nets are used in the sea, or near the reef in the deeper part of the lagoon, which you will remember is the calm sheltered stretch of water between the reef and the shore.

But if you were walking along the beach, you would probably notice in each village you passed through one or two large pools. If the tide were in, these pools would be full of water; if the tide were out, they would be half empty. They are the bathing-pools of the village. There are no bath-rooms in Samoan houses; there is no water supply laid on, with pipes to carry it, such as we have at home; but the Samoans are fond of their bath, and every day they bathe in these sheltered bathing-pools, which are often formed by natural springs of fresh water, though of course at high-tide the sea-water makes them salty.

If it happened to be low tide when you passed, you might see several women standing in one of these pools banging something with all their might on big stones; or they might have the things lying on the stones and be beating them with a stick. You might wonder whatever they were doing. They are only *washing clothes!* It is not a very good thing for the clothes, as you may imagine, to have them banged on stones, even if the stones are tolerably smooth; but it is better to have them clean, if damaged, than uninjured because unwashed. And it should be added that Samoan women and girls who have been trained by missionaries' wives and lady missionaries can often wash and starch and iron in a way that would do credit even to a steam laundry.

CHAPTER XI

SAMOA: AS IT IS—HOME LIFE AND INDUSTRIES

IF you have carefully read as far as this, you will know a good deal about "Old Samoa," or "Samoa as it was." In the rest of the book, I want to tell you more about Samoa as it is to-day.

God has worked miracles in Samoa. The people are not perfect, of course, or anywhere near perfection, but they are changed very much for the better, as the Gospel of Jesus always changes those who accept it and try to live up to it. *Our* ancestors were once savages, painted with woad, and worshipping heathen gods, like Tiu and Woden and Thor and Frea[1]; and the great changes that the centuries have brought about are largely due to the fact that so many of the English people love God and have faith in Jesus. So it is with the Samoans. They show the change in their family life; they show it in their desire to improve themselves and use their time to greater profit; they show it in their desire to learn; and, above all, in the Christian lives which so many are anxious to lead.

The home life of Samoa is very attractive and pleasant in some ways, much more so than it was seventy or even fifty years ago. The parents are fond of their children, though often too kind. Many of them are anxious that their boys and girls should grow up to be wise and good. They send them to school, week-day and Sunday, more

[1] The gods of Death and War and Thunder and Peace, from whom are derived the names—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

regularly than some English parents send their children on Sunday, but *not* so regularly as the Attendance Officer requires you to go to school during the week. Many of the parents are most anxious for their sons to have a good education in the Mission High Schools and College, so that they may enter the ministry or go abroad as missionaries, if God makes the way plain. And in very few homes, if in any, do the family neglect to have morning and evening prayer, to ask God's blessing through the day and thank Him for all His mercies at night.



SAMOAN HOUSES.

You already know that the Samoans have been used to lead rather idle lives. Many of them do still; but the number of industrious ones is increasing. Between six and seven hundred of the most

promising young men and women are kept very busy in the Boarding Schools and High Schools and the Malua Institution, all of which are connected with the London Missionary Society, and very happy most of them are in their work. But apart from lessons and home studies, some are being trained to follow useful occupations.

Not many years ago *all educated* Samoans wished to become Christian ministers or missionaries. That is one great proof of the change from olden days, when everybody worshipped birds and fishes and trees. But it was a mistake for them *all* to want to become ministers. They seemed to think only ministers could serve God. They called the ministry the "work of God," and all other work, however good and useful, was not regarded as His. So the missionaries from *Peritania* (Britain) have tried to show them what you already know, that all good work pleases God, and they have largely succeeded, by teaching them useful employments. The people are quick to see the advantages and the blessings that come from using their hands and brains, and they are getting a truer idea of what God's work means.

Let me tell you about some of these useful forms of employment. One is *carpentry*. In all the District Schools, and in the Boys' High School at Leulumoega and at the Malua Institution, the boys and young men are taught carpentry, and some of them become very clever at it. They make boxes, tables, wardrobes, chests of drawers and many fancy articles besides. One good result is that the new churches are usually more prettily furnished and decorated than the older ones. The scholars and students are only too pleased to earn a little pocket-money by turning to good account in their holidays the knowledge of joinery which they have gained at school. Perhaps in time some of them will be able to earn their living as carpenters.

Another excellent object-lesson is the *garden* at Vaialua, in con-



LEULUMOEGA BOYS PREPARING ARROWROOT.

nexion with the Leulumoega High School. This "garden" was the idea of the Rev. J. W. Hills, who is the missionary in charge of the school. He thought what a good thing it would be for the Samoans to learn something about tropical agriculture. The soil of their islands is so rich and fertile that it seemed a great pity that the people should not know how many useful things would grow in it.

The garden was started less than ten years ago. A plot of bush-land was secured near the school ; it was cleared by burning and cutting down the trees and ridding it of weeds, and now it is like a



CASCARA RUBBER TREE (ONE YEAR OLD) IN THE GARDEN AT LEULUMOEGA.

small Botanical Garden. The boys at school have practical lessons there ; indeed, it is quite an object-lesson to all who visit it. Mr. Hills has been able to show that cocoa, and indiarubber and oil palms, maize and vanilla and fine arrowroot, and many other useful and



THE OLD PRINTING HOUSE.

valuable things, too numerous for me to mention here, will flourish in Samoa ; and it is his hope, which is year by year becoming increasingly realized, that the boys, when they leave school and go to their homes in the different islands, will start similar gardens of their own.

The last of these useful employments which I will mention is that carried on at the Mission *Printing Works* at Malua. The Press started work in its present form in 1900, with a one-storied building and three native lads as workmen. Last year a fine two-storied establishment was opened, with more modern machinery, and a greatly increased staff of thirteen native workers. Indeed, the work has grown so rapidly that it has been found possible to have a skilled printer to superintend it, and he is now on the regular Mission Staff.

Well do I remember the small beginnings, and the difficulties that had to be faced. It was a wonder that the Malua missionaries, who had charge of the work, did not become gray-haired; the native boys were such worries! I have told you what easy-going lives most of the Samoans lead. You will imagine how difficult, therefore, it was to get boys and youths to come and work as printers regularly for five or six hours a day, even though they were to learn a useful trade and be well paid into the bargain. Most of those who came hoped to become ministers some day, and had no desire to become skilled printers. Their heart was not in the work. Some of them would often be sick, though their sickness was frequently more imaginary than real. More often they would want to be away from work two or three weeks at a time, because some distant relation



THE NEW PRINTING HOUSE.

was ill. Others would get tired of regular hours and go off at a moment's notice, or without any giving notice at all.

You can understand how trying all this was to those who had to arrange for the printing to be finished at stated times. Let me give you one illustration. The Printing Office in its early days published



BOOKBINDING DEPARTMENT OF PRINTING HOUSE.

every two months a magazine in Samoan, called *The Torch*. The first number was published in 1839, and it has been continued ever since. It has a large circulation; and it contains a good deal of news, helpful notes on the Sunday School lessons, and much useful information besides. Samoans living in the out-stations, in Fiji, and even in New Zealand and Sydney, subscribe to it, and much disappointment

and inconvenience was caused if *The Torch* was not published at the proper time. There were only three or four printers, and if one left at a moment's notice, and another went to visit a relative (whose relationship was so distant as to be scarcely any relationship at all), you can form some idea of the woes and anxieties of the superintending missionary.

Then, not being used to constant work, the lads were not at all easy to manage. The missionary-in-charge needed the patience of Job. Soon after the work started, Mr. H. S. Griffin came from New Zealand to act as foreman. He did not know Samoan, and only one of the Samoan lads knew English. He was very useful as interpreter, but he was a very troublesome lad. Perhaps he thought he was so useful that we could not do without him. But one day he was more tiresome than usual, and Mr. Griffin told him he had better leave and not come back again. He went, but the very same day he wrote a letter to the foreman. It is a most amusing letter, but very encouraging, too. Have a good laugh over it, and then I will explain why it is encouraging :—

MALUA,

August 4, 1901.

DEAR MR. GRIFFIN,—

Be merciful unto me, dear Master, and forgive me for what I have done to you. Have mercy upon me, O Master, according to Thy loving kindness blot out my transgression. Mr. Griffin, I acknowledge my transgression and my sin is ever before thee.

Your untruthful servant,

LAFITA.

That is the letter exactly as friend Lafita wrote it, and probably you have smiled as you read it. But it is a very encouraging letter,

for it shows how Lafita knew his Bible. When he wanted to say he was sorry, he thought of the verses in the 51st Psalm, which so clearly expressed the sorrow of the Psalmist for his great sin. Then he found the same Psalm in his English Bible, and copied into his letter the sentences which seemed most suitable.



MR. GRIFFIN AND NATIVE PRINTERS.

And Lafita is no exception. Very many of the Samoans know their Bibles well. They often express their thoughts in Biblical language. For some time I conducted Scripture competitions in *The Torch*, and though I set some difficult questions, yet a very large number of the competitors answered most of them correctly. Prob-

ably if the same questions had been given to English boys and girls of the same age, the results would not have been so good. This is partly because the Samoans have not as many books to read as you have, but it is chiefly due to the fact that they prize the Bible, and it plays a very large part in their education and life. All of them hear chapters of it read twice a day at family prayers. Many of them are members of the International Bible Reading Association, and have therefore promised to read their Bibles every day. About 5000 I.B.R.A. cards are translated each year into the Samoan language, and most of them are faithfully used. The Samoans love their Bibles. They are always impressed by Scripture quotations, and they gladly listen to teachers who can help them. They have good memories, too, and remember what they read and hear.

When a missionary goes out for the first time, there are a great many people who wish to see and know him. Chiefs and pastors and students will come in companies, and make hearty speeches of welcome. The Samoans are fond of speech making, and they expect the new missionary to make speeches in return. Usually an older missionary will be present to translate. I know one new-comer who had been helped in this way several times by the Rev. J. E. Newell, now the senior missionary in Samoa. He thought he was managing fairly well, but one morning about half-past five he was awaked by someone pulling the Venetian blinds of his bedroom. He dressed and went out, and found a body of *faifeau* (pastors) who had come from the further end of a neighbouring island to greet him. They knew no English; he knew next to nothing of Samoan; Mr. Newell was sleeping the sleep of the just. Here was a pretty fix. What was to be done? Presently someone thought of a Malua student who could speak English. Many of them know far more English



A NATIVE CHURCH.
(The Rev. J. E. Newell conducting a service.)

than they could speak. Here was one able to speak as much as, if not more than, he really knew. He was fetched and came up, all smiles. There were no chairs at hand, for the missionary had scarcely started housekeeping on his own account. But if there had been chairs, they would not have been used. The pastors squatted on the floor, tailor-wise, in true Samoan fashion; the missionary did the same and tried to appear comfortable. The spokesman of the party explained why they had come, and the student interpreted.

Then came the missionary's turn. He thought he might interest them by describing what had led him to wish to go into the mission-

field. In a sentence or two he explained how his parents had been missionaries of the London Missionary Society in North China, and had both died in the work. He spoke for about two minutes, and waited for the student to translate what he had said. The student cleared his throat, looked solemn, and spoke for nearly a quarter of an hour. The missionary was puzzled, and began to think Samoan would be a hard language to learn, if it took so long to translate two or three English sentences.

But when the student had finished, the missionary continued with a few more sentences, and waited to have them translated. Imagine his surprise when the student replied, "Yes, I've told them that!" He tried again and again and yet again, but each time met with the same reply, "I've told them that!" The missionary was completely mystified, and at the end of the interview asked the student how he had told the pastors what he was going to say before he had said it. The explanation was simple. He had heard the missionary reply to other speeches of welcome; he had remembered nearly all he had heard; and so directly he got the opportunity he had told the whole story from beginning to end! That missionary will always respect the good memories of the Samoans.

But you will almost have forgotten about the Printing Office. It was describing the early difficulties which led me to speak of troublesome Lafita and his interesting letter. You will be glad to hear that those difficulties have by this time been largely overcome. Nearly all the printing of the Samoan mission is now done by the natives, under Mr. Griffin's care. *The Torch* is published monthly, instead of once in two months. A useful Samoan Diary is issued each year, and hymn-books and school-books as they are needed. There are some really clever printers and bookbinders now engaged in the work.

In this way a great deal of expense is saved to the Society; but the best thing about the work is this, and this is what I hope you will remember :—by the printing, just as by the carpentry classes and the school for tropical gardening, the Samoans are being taught how to use their hands and brains and wisely spend their time. In these and other ways they are being kept out of mischief and sin, and are becoming better and wiser men.

CHAPTER XII

SCHOOL LIFE

BEFORE the missionaries went to Samoa in 1830, the people had no schools. They could not read, for they had no books, and they could not write, for not one of them had ever seen his language written down. They spoke their language, and that was all. They could not even learn their alphabet, for they had not one to learn. They had no idea of any such thing as education. They thought a great deal about exercising the body, and were splendid swimmers and walkers and climbers, but they paid no attention to the training of the mind. To tell you the truth, they were great dunces. But you must not blame them for that. They were dunces, not because they would not, but because they did not know how to, learn.

So the early missionaries set to work to teach them. The first thing they did was to write down the words which they heard the people speaking. It was not an easy thing to do, but they managed to do it. They formed an alphabet, and at last made the written language as complete as the spoken. They wrote simple books in Samoan, and, after many years, they translated the whole of the Bible. Several missionaries helped in this good work, but will you especially remember the name of George Pratt? He worked as a missionary in Samoa for forty years, and his name will long be honoured for the accurate scholarship and loving labours he brought to bear on the translation and revisions of the Samoan Bible.



REV. J. W. HILLS AND BOYS OF THE LEULUMOEGA HIGH SCHOOL.

But before the Bible was completed, schools had been started, and to-day nearly all the Samoan books and schools are the result of missionary effort, and very largely due to the work of the London Missionary Society.

Let me tell you about the L.M.S. schools to be found in Samoa to-day. In every village there is a children's School, and nearly all the children attend. These schools are not separate buildings, but the teaching is given in the Churches. This is a very good arrangement, because the Churches do not have pews or seats, like ours. The floor is quite bare, except for the mats on which the boys and girls sit. There is plenty of room for all the classes, and there is plenty of pure fresh air, because the doors are generally left open and the windows are never shut. Indeed they cannot be shut, because usually they

are only spaces left in the wall, and without any glass in them. Samoan children are used to a free open-air life, and so the school-hours are not very long and usually in the cool of the morning. The minister is the master, because he has had a better education than any one else in the village. Not all the children are fond of school, and many of the parents are not very strict about seeing that they attend. In fact, parents will often go away from home to stay for weeks or even months



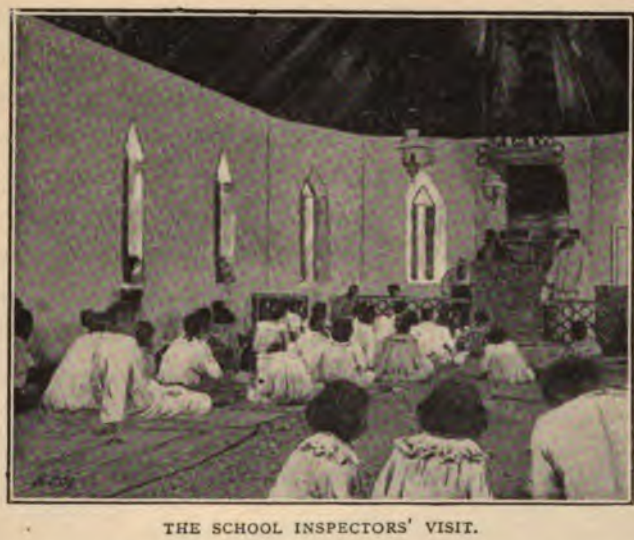
VILLAGE SCHOOL EXAMINATION, SAMOA.

with friends on another island, and think very little about their children missing school. So it is not at all easy to keep the attendance register. It is often difficult to know whether a boy has left the village, or only gone away for a long holiday. But what bright faces they have as they come trooping to school. Their twinkling black eyes look full of fun and mischief. The teacher will have his hands full at first to keep them in order, and then later on, he will have all his work cut out to keep them awake, as the sun gets

more power and the air becomes hot and drowsy. The little ones in the lowest standards do not learn very much, just their alphabet and figures, and how to read easy words and count up to 100. But something has been gained, if only they learn how to sit still when they are told, and get just a little idea of what school means, for they are ready then to learn more when they are moved up. In Standard III. they are taught reading and writing, simple addition, the multiplication tables up to six times twelve, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. When they have passed the sixth standard and are ready to leave school, they have been taught a good deal more: Reading, writing, geography—a good deal about the earth's shape, the points of the compass, the use of maps, definitions of continents and peninsulas and promontories. and the geography of their own islands and some other countries. They are examined each year on different parts of the world. Arithmetic and Scripture make up the time-table. So you see they have had an opportunity to learn a good deal before they leave the Village School.

Just as inspectors come to your school to see that everything is being done properly, so the missionaries inspect these village schools, and examine the children every year and give them prizes, if they deserve them. You would laugh if you could see one of these Examinations. The children are all sitting on the floor, with their slates, and some of the fathers and mothers are sure to be just outside, peeping in through the windows. They are so anxious to know if their children are doing well that they would be inside the room and looking over the slates if they could. But that is strictly forbidden, as it would hinder the Examination, and so they get as near as they may, and that means some of them are actually poking their heads through the window-spaces.

The children, especially the small ones, are very shy, and the missionary has to be gentle and patient to get them to answer even the easiest questions. You see they are brown and he is white, and they are not used to *speaking* to white men. When the Samoans first saw white people, they called them *papalagi*, which means "shot from the sky." They were so astonished that they thought they could not belong to the same world as themselves, and something of that



THE SCHOOL INSPECTORS' VISIT.

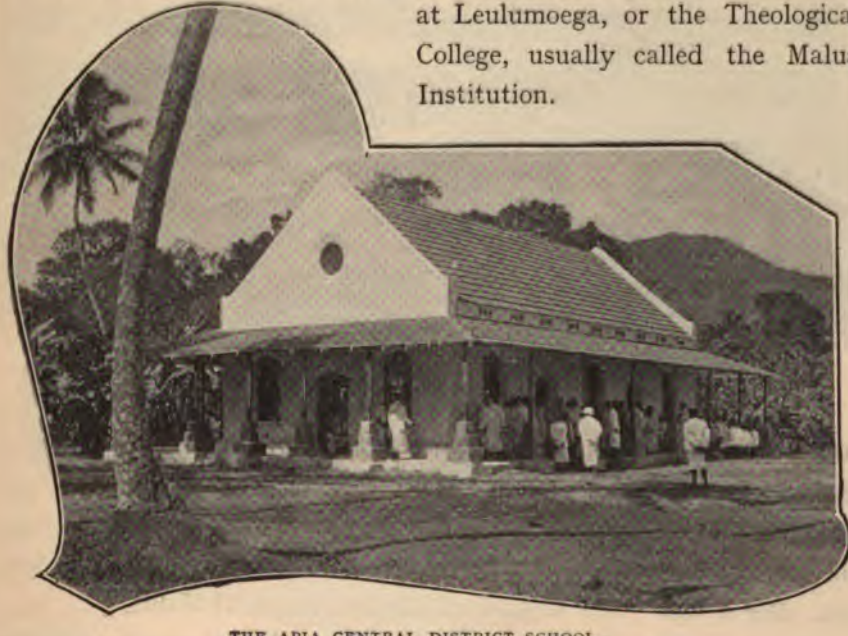
astonishment is still to be seen in the timid looks of the little Samoan boys and girls. But they know that the missionaries have come to do them good, and they show their thanks in a very pretty way. Some time during the day, perhaps in the dinner-hour, or in the interval between the examination and the prize-giving, a song is struck up, and the missionary looks out, and sees the children coming to the house where he is staying. They are walking in procession, though it is not a very orderly one. They do not look like a smart Boys' Brigade, or like

children being briskly drilled at school, or even like a Yorkshire Sunday School Treat procession. They are not keeping step at all well; still they look very happy, and they are all singing heartily some song which has been made up for the occasion to welcome the Examiner and perhaps praise his cleverness. The pastor and his wife often lead the procession, which comes on very slowly and often halts, so that the ceremony shall not be over too quickly. When the procession gets nearer, you can see that the children are all carrying something. Many of them are bringing cocoanuts; others have eggs, which are sometimes stale, because they have been found in the bush in a wild fowl's nest. Some again will be bringing cooked fish wrapped up in leaves, and others will be carrying live struggling fowl. Perhaps it will take two children to bring a fowl, each holding it by one leg. These are the children's presents to the Examiner. They know that he has come out of love for them, and so they bring to him their *mea alofa*, or "things of love." It is a pretty custom, is it not? as pretty as the habit which some English children have of bringing flowers to their teachers at school.

But many of the boys are not content with the simple subjects taught in the Village Schools, and so Higher Schools have been established for them. There are seven of these, one for each of the seven Mission Districts of Samoa. The missionary who has charge of the District also has charge of the School, and a native teacher who has been well trained helps him, indeed he does most of the teaching, for the missionary has to attend to a great many things and cannot give too much of his time to one school. There is a good deal of rivalry amongst the best boys in the Village Schools to be admitted into the District Schools. Those who wish to enter are examined, and those who do best are received as pupils. They are the most promising boys of

the whole District, which may include as many as forty villages. Of course these are Boarding-schools, for it would not be possible for many of the scholars to go to school and back home again every day. So all the while they are at the District School, they are under the eye of the missionary, and he not only knows which of the boys work hard, but he can also see who are the steady and good-living ones, who give promise of future usefulness. Between two and three hundred lads, young men, indeed, many of them are, are being trained in these District Boarding-schools. They learn Reading, Writing, Composition, Arithmetic, Geography, Samoan Grammar, and Scripture, especially Old Testament History and the Life of Jesus.

Then most of the lads in these schools pass on into the High School at Leulumoega, or the Theological College, usually called the Malua Institution.



THE APIA CENTRAL DISTRICT SCHOOL.
(The first tiled building in Samoa, built under the supervision of the Rev. W. Huckett.)

At the High School, founded at Apia in 1887 and removed two years later to Leulumoega, about 100 youths may get an excellent education in advanced school subjects, including Higher Arithmetic, Algebra and German, for most of the pupils come from Upolu and Savaii and are therefore German subjects. And, as I have already explained, a great feature of the school is its manual and industrial



A GALA-DAY AT PAPAUTA.

work, which covers the same ground as many of our English Technical Schools and Evening Classes. Here boys are taught carpentry and building and blacksmiths' work, and they get a most valuable training in tropical agriculture at the Vaialua garden. Many of them pass on, after a four years' course, to the Institution at Malua.

Yes, but some of my readers are girls, and you may be thinking

that the boys have all the advantages in Samoa. "If a girl does well in a village school," you may be asking yourselves, "is it not possible for her to go to a better school and learn more than the native pastors can teach her?" And I am glad to be able to answer, "Yes." There are two High Schools for Girls, one in German and one in American Samoa.

The one for German Samoa is at Papauta, and two lady missionaries, Miss Schultze and Miss Jolliffe, have charge of it, with several pupil teachers to help them, for it is a large school, with more than a hundred boarders, who come from all parts of Upolu and Savaii; and generally there are some from the North-West Out-stations besides. Miss Schultze and Miss Moore began this work for Samoan girls in 1891 at Malua, but in the following year they moved into the new building at Papauta, about two miles inland from the port of Apia. They had only eight girls when the school was formally opened on August 29, 1892, by the Countess of Jersey. By the end



GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, ATAULOMA.

of 1894 the number of girls had increased so rapidly that there were seventy-two upon the books, and this increase continued, until in 1900 the school had to be enlarged, and to-day it is a fine block of buildings, of which any Mission might be proud, and there are 105 pupils.

The same may be said of the High School for Girls in American Samoa. It is at Atauloma, on the island of Tutuila, and provides a higher education for the most promising girls of Tutuila and Manua. The lady missionaries now in charge are Miss Moore and Miss du Commun, but the school was started in 1901 by Miss Moore and Miss Ffrench.

German is specially taught at Papauta, and English at Atauloma, and at each school careful attention is given to needlework, washing and ironing, and the plaiting of baskets and fans, and other articles of Samoan manufacture.

But the great ideal of these schools is to train the girls to become thoughtful and intelligent Christians, and they are both doing a valuable work for the present and future uplifting of Samoan womanhood. That may not be a very easy sentence for little girls to understand, but I have written it on purpose. I want you to ask your mothers what it means, and as they explain it to you, it may lead them to be more interested in the work that is being done amongst the girls and women of Samoa.

Already about twenty of these High School girls have become wives of Samoan missionaries in New Guinea, and others have been or are in the Gilbert and Ellice and Tokelau Islands, and a great many more are wives of native pastors in Samoa.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MALUA INSTITUTION

THIS is the oldest and largest and best known of all the Samoan schools. Indeed it is a college, rather than a school; a college for the training of ministers and missionaries. Its students are young men, not boys, and many of them are married and have children of their own. Some of you, my boy and girl readers, may think you are not interested to know about the Samoan *College*; it was bad enough to ask you to read about the Schools, but I ask you to be patient with me and still to read on. Many of you, I have no doubt, build castles in the air and dream of the day when you may win scholarships and go to the University. Some of you, I am confident, are looking forward to the time when you may go to some theological college—to Mansfield or New or Cheshunt or some other (there are many from which you may choose), and begin your special training to become ministers or missionaries. *You* at least will want to know more about Malua. And all of you who like to hear about missionary work will be sure to read on, for the Malua Institution has played a very large and noble part in the making of Samoan history, and particularly the history of *New* Samoa. Do you remember what *New* Samoa means? If not, please turn back to Chapter IV, and you will see that all that happened before John Williams landed in 1830 is included in *Old* Samoa, and that *New* Samoa refers to the wonderful changes that have taken place since that

date, chiefly owing to the preaching of the Gospel and the work of the missionaries.

The Malua Institution has been in existence almost from the beginning of New Samoa. It was founded in 1844, and perhaps more than anything else, it has helped to bring about the great changes which are mentioned in Chapter IV.

A funny thing about the old men and women in Samoa is that very few of them know when their birthday is, and many do not know in what year they were born. The younger ones are better educated, and most of them know. The Malua Institution is something like the old people. We do know the year in which it was founded, but there is a little uncertainty as to the exact month and day. In the *History of the London Missionary Society* (two large books, which I hope many of you will read and often refer to, before you are many years older), we are told that in *March*, 1844, it was decided to set apart Mr. Hardie and Mr. Turner for the work of the Malua Institution, whilst an entry in the diary of Dr. Nisbet, who became a missionary in 1843 and was afterwards a tutor at Malua, runs as follows—

April 21, 1844. "A very large meeting of the Mission, 13 altogether . . . The most important business was the decision to commence a Mission Seminary."

But whether it was March or April in which the important decision was made, the Institution was founded in the year 1844.

Now will you find Malua on the map of Samoa. It is on the island of Upolu, about twelve miles from Apia. It stands on a beautiful bay, and can be reached from Apia, which is the business capital of Samoa, in less than two hours on horseback, or by boat in three or four hours, according to the wind and tide. So it is within easy reach of the centre of business, and yet far enough away to prevent school

duties from being hindered too much by the business and pleasures of the capital. On a clear moonlight night, few things could be more pleasant than the boat journey from Apia, on the calm waters of the lagoon, with the surf on the right hand thundering upon the coral reef and on the shore to the left the peaceful villages nestling beneath graceful cocoanut palms and shut in by the bush trees, rising dark behind them.



MALUA BAY.

The village of Malua is composed entirely of the Institution buildings and the houses of the students and teachers. At the eastern end are the white-walled houses of the two native tutors, Saaga and Malaefou. Near to these is the main block of students' cottages. These are built on two sides of the village square, at first an open space, but now covered with tall breadfruit trees which, beside providing food, add much to the beauty of the village. There are twenty-two of these cottages, built of coral lime and thatched, with whitewashed walls ; at the inland end is a large class room, whilst at the opposite end runs the



SAAGA, WITH HIS WIFE (SOSE) AND FAMILY.

road which skirts the sea. To any one approaching from Apia by sea, the village square, with its sunlit white houses, peeping out from under the breadfruit trees and between the palms, is a very pleasing sight. To the west of the students' homes lies the Jubilee Hall, the large handsome Church, of which more must be said presently, and still further to the west are the houses of the two missionaries, the Printing Office, and a large workshop, all built of coral stone, with native houses dotted here and there. A little inland behind the Jubilee Hall is the District Boarding School, and a third Mission house is now being built.

Amongst the missionary tutors of the past you should remember the names of Charles Hardie (1844-1854), Dr. Turner (1844-1882),

Dr. Nisbet (1859-1876), and John Marriott (1878-1905). The figures in brackets show how many years they worked in the Institution, and you will be interested to know that on the walls of the Jubilee Hall there are four brass tablets erected to the memories of these honoured Missionaries. The present tutors are the Rev. J. E. Newell, who joined the Samoan Mission in 1881, and Pastor Heider, who was appointed last year on the death of Mr. Marriott.

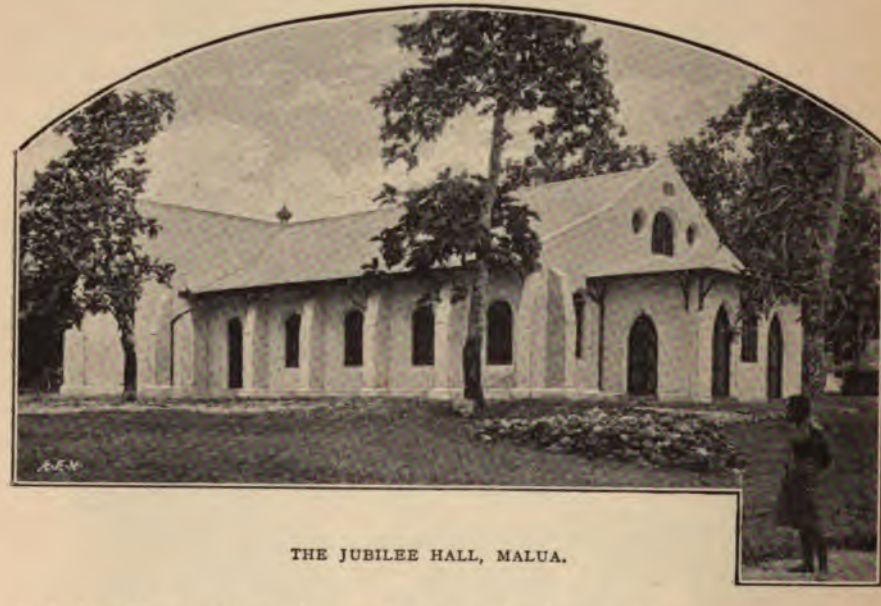
There are 107 students, more than half of them married, and nearly fifty boy boarders beside, receiving a good education and having the great advantage of early Christian surroundings. The Institution has grown very much, as you may imagine, in the sixty-two years of its life. In 1844 there were only twenty students, now there are always more than one hundred. In 1844 fifty acres of land were enough for the Institution buildings and the feeding of the students ; now over four hundred acres are needed. Most of their land is used for plantations, or, as we should say in England, for kitchen gardens and allotments. Each student, while he is at college, has a plot of land, stocked with



STUDENTS' COTTAGES, MALUA.

cocoanut and breadfruit trees. He also has plantations for bananas and taro and sugar-cane and pine apples; and instead of buying food, as your mother does, at different shops, he and his family live on what they grow in their gardens. Those who work the hardest have the most to eat.

The Institution has been the means of spreading the Gospel in many parts of the Pacific. In the earlier years, natives came from other



THE JUBILEE HALL, MALUA.

islands to be taught, and then they went back and told their own people what they had heard. One of the early missionaries wrote: "The plan of bringing hither (to Malua) in the *John Williams* natives from heathen islands to reside for a time in the Institute is of great benefit. They see and learn a good deal, and friendships are formed between the students and them productive of the happiest results. A letter, for

example, came lately from an Erromangan to one of the students begging him to go there as teacher as soon as his time was up. Another came from Savage Island, entreating a young man to go there." In this way there have been students from Erromanga, Niuē, Rarotonga, Mare, Lifu, and the Gilbert, the Ellice and Tokelau groups, who have returned to their own lands as teachers and preachers.

At the present time fewer students come from other islands, because other Institutions are sharing in the work, but Malua is still helping to spread Christianity by training Samoans to become ministers in their own land, and by sending some abroad from year to year as missionaries. About twenty-five students leave the Institution every year. They have had a splendid opportunity to get a good education in advanced school subjects, but more especially a suitable training for the work of the ministry. Most of them are called to Churches in Samoa, but out of the twenty-five, probably five or six offer themselves for missionary service. Those who remain at home teach in school on certain days of the week ; they conduct the services of the Churches, and visit those who are sick and those who need their help and counsel. You will see how useful the Malua Institution is when I remind you there are about 220 villages in Samoa, each of which has its Protestant church, which looks to the Institution to send a faithful, godly and well-trained pastor. Some of these pastors fail in their work, but the great majority of them are really good men, or, as the Apostle Paul might have said, "workmen that needeth not to be ashamed."

It is a great work, a most happy work, to train native *ministers*, but the missionaries at Malua have also the great joy of teaching those who afterwards become *missionaries*. The story of their brave work must be left to another chapter.

Let me tell you about the students' wives. It may seem strange to

you that *students* should be married. Some of you have big brothers and sisters at Oxford or Cambridge, perhaps some of you have brothers at college who hope to become ministers or missionaries. Now they are not married, and you may think it odd that many Samoan students are. But it is a good thing for the Malua student, especially if he marries a girl from either of the High Schools at Papauta or Atauloma, who not only loves Jesus, but has been well-trained for the position of a minister's wife. You know perhaps that a good many duties fall to the lot of a missionary, which seldom trouble a minister here. A missionary, for example, should know something about building and joinery and painting. I was fortunate enough to live where there was an older and more experienced missionary to help me, but even then I have sometimes been amused at myself puzzling out how to join two verandahs together without showing an ugly corner, or getting up at five o'clock in the morning to practise mixing the paint, so that I could show the students how to do it when they began work at six o'clock. Then every missionary in Samoa must know something about medicine, for there are many sick people to be doctored, and not a few who think they are ill, and even some who ask for medicine in case they should be ill. Then, as you know already, if you have not skipped any part of this book, missionaries are also schoolmasters and examiners and inspectors, as well as ministers. But perhaps the strangest work of all, to a new missionary at least, is that he is sometimes expected to be a matrimonial agent. He is often asked to use his influence in the arranging of marriages, and sometimes to help in bringing young men and women together. Of course missionaries are glad to do this, if it means that a student will thus be able to persuade an educated Christian girl to be his wife. The students, too, are quick to see the advantage of such a helper. They will sometimes go to the

missionaries at Malua and ask for permission to go to Papauta. You remember, I hope, that is where the Girls' High School is, about fourteen miles from Malua. At first I used to ask why they wanted to go, but I soon found there was only one reason for their wanting to go there, and my question was soon altered to, "Who is the lady?" or "What is her name?" You will be surprised to hear that they usually answered, "I don't know!" Sometimes, perhaps, they were shy about mentioning their sweetheart's name, but often it was literally true, they didn't know, they wanted to go and search. And so I had to write a letter to the lady missionaries at Papauta, asking their permission for a student of ours to go and seek for a wife amongst their pupils. Often their search ended successfully—not in one visit of course—and the student would in due time bring his wife to live at Malua. But sometimes the lady would say "No"; perhaps several would say "No," and at last the student would marry some village girl, generally a good Christian girl who loved Jesus, but often one with little knowledge and with no training for her future work. So there are classes for *wives* at Malua. They are taught ordinary school subjects, and shown how to sew and wash and iron, and very good pupils many of them are.



A SEWING-CLASS: MRS. BARRADALE AND THE STUDENTS' WIVES.

Now let me close this chapter about Malua, by telling you of some of the most notable students of the Institution, some of the "old men," as we should say, if we were speaking about those who had left an English College. They are not all Samoans. The first about whom I wish to tell you came from Niuē. He was a Savage Islander. His name was *Peniamina*, or Benjamin. He had many faults and imperfections, but he was a brave Christian and did a good work. He had heard of the landing of John Williams in Samoa, and of the change in the lives of many Samoans who had believed in Jesus Christ, and he made up his mind to go and see for himself what it all meant. So one day he went on board an American whaling vessel which was going to Samoa, and asked permission to work his way there as a sailor. The kindly captain took him and handed him over to the care of the missionary in Apia. He was soon received as a student into the Malua Institution, and there trained that he might go back and teach his own people about the Lord Jesus. A few years later, in 1846, he was taken back to Niuē by Mr. Nisbet, one of the Malua tutors, and thus became a pioneer missionary to that Pearl of the Pacific. A pioneer is one who goes to prepare the way for others to follow. William Carey was a pioneer missionary to India, and Robert Morrison to China, and Johannes Vanderkemp to Kafirland. In the same way, Peniamina was a pioneer missionary to his own island of Niuē. He had many dangers to face, even though he was amongst his own people. A Niuēan who left his island and then returned was treated as a foreigner, and in those days these savages treated foreigners very harshly. They had noticed that often when a foreign ship called some terrible sickness was brought with it which spread amongst themselves and killed large numbers of them. So they always tried to keep foreigners away, and indeed to kill them, if they persisted in coming. As soon as Benjamin landed, many of the people

wanted to kill him. But he told them the good news of Jesus, which he had learned at Malua, and for some years he was spared to do pioneer work. He was able to gather a few people round him and teach them about Jesus Christ.

Then the work was continued by another student of Malua, named *Paulo*, or Paul. He had been carefully trained in the Institution. He and his wife began their work in 1849, and were the first *Samoan* missionaries to Niuē. They had many trials and passed through many perils, but they did not lose heart. In three years' time a chapel was built, and nearly 300 were won over to love Jesus. Paulo worked on faithfully till 1862, when he died, much to the sorrow of the people. But his work did not die, for to-day nearly all the inhabitants are glad to receive Christian teaching and a very large number of them are members of the Church.

Kirisome is another honoured "old student." He went out in a little missionary vessel named the *Dayspring*, to Nui, one of the Ellice Islands. You will, please, remember that Niuē and Nui are different islands. Well, Kirisome went to Nui in 1852, and he worked there as a missionary for nearly fifty years. He is still living in Samoa to-day, though he is too old to do much active work.

Then in 1863 *Tema* went as the *first* missionary to Funafuti, another of the Ellice Islands.

But the Malua Institution has not only trained noble missionaries. It has trained many ministers and schoolmasters, whose memories are still treasured in Samoa, and many whose work is yet unfinished and who are still serving God here on earth.

One more "old student" may be mentioned, for he is distinguished in a different way. His name was Mala'itai. He entered Malua in 1861 and was a very diligent student. He learned all he could and afterwards

gave most valuable help to Mr. Pratt in the translation of the Bible into the Samoan language. He was a distinguished *pundit*. Is that a new word to you ? Let me explain what it means. It was a word used in India first of all to describe a man who is learned in the language and laws and religion of India. Now it is used of any man of any country who is learned in these things. So when I call Mala'itai a famous pundit, I mean that he had been so good a student that he knew a great deal about the language and customs and old religion of Samoa, which other Samoans did not know, and therefore Mr. Pratt and the other missionaries who prepared the Samoan Bible were very glad to have his help, and without it they could not have translated the Bible so well into Samoan.

These are a few, only a few, of the most distinguished students ; there have been many, many more who have done faithful, honest work for Jesus. Indeed more than fifteen hundred students, with their wives, have been trained in the Malua Institution, and the great majority of them have become ministers in Samoa, or missionaries in other parts of the Pacific.

CHAPTER XIV

CHURCHES

THERE are about 220 Churches in Samoa connected with the London Missionary Society, with about 180 ministers and 250 evangelists and local preachers to conduct the services. The ministers have all had a four years' training at Malua, and many of them have been taught at the High School at Leulumoega before that. Then, when they have left Malua, they have been called to a Church. They have worked for two years in the ministry, and at the end of each of those two years they have passed a Scripture Examination, to prove to the missionaries that they have not neglected their studies. After all that long testing-time, they are ordained to be ministers; they are set apart in a solemn service to be leaders in God's work, and for the first time they are called *Faifeau Samoa* (Samoan ministers), just as ministers at home are known by the title of *Reverend*.

Most of the evangelists and local preachers have also been trained at Leulumoega or Malua; many of them indeed at both places. But they have not been called to a Church or taken the after-examinations. Still they often preach and they help the *faifeau* in many ways.

Now all these ministers are supported by the Samoans, and, more than that, all the Churches are built and paid for by the people themselves. Samoa neither asks nor receives a single penny from the Society for these purposes. Is not that one proof of their love for Jesus? for, generally speaking, people do not give their money for

Christian work, unless they love Christ. But the Samoans do even more than pay their ministers and build their churches. They raise something like £2,500 every year for the building of new churches and repairing of old ones, and something like £1,500 to pay their ministers; *but in addition to that, they give more than £1,000 every year for the carrying on of missionary work in lands other than their own.* I am sure you will agree with me that the Samoans are generous helpers of Christian work. There are 34,000 Samoans connected with the Churches of the London Missionary Society, and they raise something like £5,000 a year to carry on the work of God. They are thankful for the benefits which the Gospel has brought to them, and they are eager that others should share in them.

The Samoans are building *good* churches; too. They are beginning to feel that the House of God should not be an ugly, unattractive building. Look at the pictures of the Jubilee Hall at Malua and the Native Church at Apia, or even the more simple village Church, and you will see what I mean. Of course, their ideas of beauty and fitness and reverence are not always like ours. That is not to be expected, but generally their intention is good, and the will should be taken for the deed.

Let me tell you about the opening of a new Church in a large village not very far from Malua. I think it was the first at which I was present, and for that reason it made a great impression on my mind, but you may take it for granted that the opening of one Church is, in many respects, like the opening of all.

The Service was timed for 10 o'clock, but as many visitors came by sea from different parts, we did well to begin before half-past ten. The Church, which was built to seat 400 people, was soon packed to the doors, and hundreds had to remain outside. Many who stood at the



THE APIA NATIVE CHURCH.

window-spaces and doors would hear quite well all that was said. The people sat on mats on the floor, the missionaries and their wives and the Samoan pastors who were to take part in the service were provided with chairs on the platform in front of the pulpit. Those who were not able to get inside or see through the windows were allowed to go in at the front entrance, walk up the aisle in procession and go out by a side-door, and so they had a view of the building just before the opening service. This was a very interesting sight to a new missionary, and so you may like to hear about it. The people all wore their best clothes, and it would be impossible for me to describe the many gay colours and curious patterns. The girls of the village were neatly attired in white dresses trimmed with red braid, and wore white caps with red ribbons, all of which were made from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree (see Chapter VIII). The pastor's wife was dis-

tinguished by a dress of pink satin, but the effect was quite spoiled by her wearing shoes and stockings, which were striped brown and blue. These might have looked all right on the football field, but they seemed altogether out of place in Church, especially as Samoans are not used to wearing shoes and stockings. They go barefoot over the roughest paths. But that was her idea of dressing for a great occasion, and the will was taken for the deed.

Just as the architect is often thanked, and asked to speak when an English building is completed, so the *head-carpenter* was a very prominent figure at this Church opening. He acted as a sidesman and showed the people to their seats. He was dressed in a special uniform of white cloth, trimmed with gold and green braid, with a peaked cap to match; he also wore shoes and socks, and had a *sword* hanging



A VILLAGE CHURCH.

from his belt, which he seemed to have some difficulty in keeping from between his legs. It looked comical, but he was very serious. Another sidesman was a *tulafale*, one of the village councillors, a member of the Parish Council or Urban District Council, as we should say. He had a black cloth coat and a bunch of fine mats round his waist and, as he walked, reminded one of a duck waddling.

One lady had a dress of black satiny material, braided with gold.

You will see how curious all this seemed to an Englishman who was not yet accustomed to Samoan ways, but they saw nothing funny in it. They were in dead earnest. They had built, at great pains and much self-sacrifice, a fine Church, and now it was to be opened for the glory of God. That was the one thought that filled their minds. It was a glad day to them, and they were joyful; it was a red-letter day and they marked it by wearing the best and newest clothes which they could make or buy. You will remember the ordinary dress of the Samoans. The men wear simply a loincloth, and when at Church or school, a thin white jacket, and the women garments of *siapo*, or long loose print dresses.

The service lasted from half-past ten till one o'clock. An English missionary presided, another spoke and was followed by three native pastors, all good speakers and each with a cheering message to deliver. Suitable hymns and passages of Scripture were selected, and those who led the congregation in prayer earnestly thanked God that He had sent His Gospel to them and allowed them to build this new Church where it might be continually preached. These portions of the service reminded one very much of an English service, and made one thankful to God for the change He had wrought in the hearts of the people.

But there was one item on the programme about which I must tell you, just to show you how they announce subscriptions. We

should have a list printed and send a copy to all who had subscribed. The Samoans had the list read out in the service; it was long and tiring, and seemed altogether out of place. But their idea is the same as ours, to let the subscribers know that their money or gifts have been thankfully received and will be used as the givers desire. The long list of subscribers was read by the secretary, and then the



A "MAY MEETING" IN SAMOA.

respected pastor of the new Church, an old man with grey head and beard, made a short statement. He told us the size of the building, as an architect might, only not quite so accurately. Then he announced that £650 had been subscribed and the Church was being opened almost free of debt. Amongst the gifts were *four* pulpit Bibles, *four* large clocks, and two Church bells, one of which cost £24. Although these two bells

did not sound well together, they were both vigorously rung at the same time. The music was not very sweet, but it served to call the people to Church. All the four clocks were hung up on view. At half-past ten by the right time, one pointed to ten minutes past eleven, while another tried to convince us it was ten minutes to five. To make matters worse, while one struck the hours in the proper way, except that it managed to strike at the half-hours, the other chimed twelve o'clock, when the hands pointed to half-past five, and so on. Fortunately the remaining two clocks were not going.

There is far more solemnity and real worship in such a service than you would think. The people are in dead earnest, and that is the chief thing. At the same time, in the Churches which are more often attended by missionaries, and especially at the Sunday and week-afternoon services, there is a more quiet and reverent behaviour, as well as earnest worship.

Let me tell you about another service. You will remember that the Gospel of Jesus was first taken to Samoa by John Williams in 1830, towards the end of the month of August. So in all the Churches of Samoa the first Sunday in September is observed as a Day of Thanksgiving. Special services are held and special sermons preached. The service about which I wish to tell you was held in the Jubilee Hall at Malua. It is a large Hall which will hold about 700 people. It is the most handsome Church in Samoa. It cost over £2,000, although many students and pastors and others did most of the work of building, and did it practically for nothing. Nearly all the £2,000 was given by Samoans, those at home and also those living abroad in New Guinea, Fiji, the Gilbert, Ellice and Tokelau groups, and even in Australia and New Zealand. They built the Hall to celebrate the Jubilee of the Malua Institution, and to show their gratitude for the good teaching

and good influence of the Institution through all the fifty years of its life. The Hall was opened, free of debt, in December, 1897. It is used for college purposes during the week, and as a Church on Sundays and weekdays. On the first Sunday in September, 1902, between six and seven hundred people from Malua and neighbouring villages came to the Thanksgiving Service. There is something very cheering in such a service. Sometimes you boys and girls get tired of your work. If you try hard to do your lessons and find them very difficult, you are inclined to be disheartened, aren't you? Or if you try to make a top or a boat and don't succeed as well as you would like, you may be inclined to say, "It's no use trying, I'll give it up." Well, missionaries are only grown-up boys and girls, and sometimes they feel weary in their work. They are a long way from home, living amongst a foreign people, and though they get very fond of them, yet their manners and habits are so different from their own. Sometimes, too, there are great disappointments; the native Christians whom the missionaries trust most sometimes prove themselves unfit to be trusted. They seem to get such strange ideas of right and wrong, and so the missionary is tempted to become faint-hearted and heart-sick, and to wonder if they ever will become strong Christians.

Now if a missionary in Samoa is tired and weary in that way, there can be few things to cheer him more than to attend one of these annual thanksgivings for the love of God which guided John Williams to the shores of Samoa in his self-built *Messenger of Peace*. To hear a native pastor (especially when one knows that he loves God and lives a good life and does his work well) humbly and thankfully comparing the present with the past, the days in which they now walk as children of light with the days in which they lived in heathen darkness, is most encouraging, and especially when he urges his hearers



NATIVE FOOD.

(As prepared for a Church Opening or "May Meeting.")

to lead still better lives and to be anxious to help others who are yet living in heathendom.

It is true the Samoan is not yet a *strong* Christian; it sometimes takes hundreds of years to make a nation of strong Christians; and even then there may be many people in it who do not love Christ. We have every reason to thank God that in Samoa and other South Sea Islands there are so many true Christians in less than *one* hundred years from the time when the Gospel was first preached to them.

But now let me tell you about this special meeting in the Jubilee Hall at Malua, and will you please remember that this was only one of many similar meetings held all over Samoa. There were between six and seven hundred people in the congregation. The centre of the hall was occupied by the Malua students and boys of the District School, who formed a fine choir of one hundred and sixty voices. Their singing was very hearty and enthusiastic. They had conducted their own choir practices and the hymns were very suitable to the occasion, being sung to tunes which you know well, "The Festal Morn," "Sowing the Seed," and "Anywhere with Jesus." The seats at the sides of the hall and the forms which had been placed in the passage-ways were filled to overflowing with visitors from the neighbouring Churches.

The service began at half-past eight in the morning. We begin early in Samoa, because the services are much longer there than in England, and it gets very hot, too, later in the day. After a hymn, Pastor Reupena (Reuben) led the congregation in prayer; then followed a Scripture lesson, another hymn heartily sung, and prayer offered by Pastor Natapu (Nadab). After which Pastor Petaia (a shortened form of Obadiah) preached from the words, "Remember that aforetime ye were Gentiles in the flesh" (Eph. ii. 11), and "Walk as children of light" (Eph. v. 8).

Do you notice that all these pastors had Scripture names, Reuben, Nadab, and Obadiah ? This is a common custom among the Samoans. I have already told you the story of Lafita's letter, to show how naturally the people use the language of Scripture. Now this fondness for Scriptural names is another sign that the people generally read their Bibles and are impressed by what they read.

But I want to tell you about Petaia's sermon. Some of you who read this book may be scarcely old enough to understand a sermon, but this one was so simple that I hope the older boys and girls will not skip it.

To begin with, wasn't it a suitable text ? The Apostle Paul reminded the Christians at Ephesus and in the Churches of Asia Minor that they had been heathen, but now the Gospel had been preached to them, and they had accepted it ; therefore they should walk as children of light ; that is, they should live good lives, for they had received the light of the Gospel. Now that is exactly the position of the Samoans at the present time.

Petaia reminded them that no such meeting could have taken place in the days before John Williams' first visit. How different things were *now* from *then*. The congregation was orderly and neatly dressed. There were Samoan Bibles and hymnbooks in the hands of nearly all. What a beautiful temple it was in which they were sitting. None of these things would have been possible seventy years before. But best of all, " many of you present are ' men of Jesus ' (Christians). This is indeed a day of thanksgiving for past blessings." Then the minister went on to plead, " Though this is a day of thanksgiving for the way in which God has blessed Samoa, we must not grow proud. We are called Christians, but we are not perfect. There is much we have to remember, many things that we have to do. This is a meet-

ing which should make the Christianity of all Samoa better. There are present here the students of Malua. Malua is the religious capital of Samoa. From it the light of the Gospel should shine forth. You, students, act as true soldiers. Do not be content to be idle. Act like men who are to become the religious leaders of your country. You, parents, train your children aright, and be glad to send them to school where they will learn good things. And again, you chiefs and rulers, I am glad to see you here, Walk ye as children of light, and be examples for good to those who have to obey you."

Now was not that a good sermon, one which all could understand, and it was all the more helpful because the people all knew and respected the preacher. For many years he had led a truly Christian life amongst them.

You will see now what I meant by saying that nothing could be more helpful to a missionary than such a service. If you are poorly, and soon get tired, mother gives you a tonic, some medicine to make you strong. Such a service is a tonic. If a missionary ever gets tired and thinks how little result he can see to all his work, it is a grand thing for him to be reminded that in seventy or eighty years all Samoa has changed so much for the better, and that it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ which he has been sent to preach that has brought about the change.

After this service was over, about four hundred Church members stayed behind for a united Communion service. When you are a few years older and have joined the Church, as I trust you all will, you will know better what that meant. *Four hundred church members under one roof in Samoa!* Well might we exclaim, in the words of the Apostle Paul, "The old things are passed away; behold, they are become new" (2 Cor. v. 17).

CHAPTER XV

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

I HAVE headed this chapter with the title, *Sunday Schools*, but I also want to tell you about other Societies which are doing Christian work in Samoa. You are familiar with them in England; the *Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour*, the *Watchers' Band*, and the *Choir*.

But first of all, comes the *Sunday School*. That is the largest and most important work that is carried on by the Church. It is so in England; it is so in Samoa, too. It is the largest in numbers, and it is the most important, because if, as children, you are taught to love Jesus, you are more likely to love Him when you are grown up. In England four out of every five who join the Church have been scholars in the Sunday Schools, and in Samoa, I should think *five* out of every five who join have been taught in the Sunday School. Nearly all the children go to Sunday School, except, of course, the little babies, and many of them are *carried* there. You would be quite interested, I am sure, to see the babies. They are taken to school and church. Their big sisters generally take them to school and their mothers carry them to church. They are trained to go from their earliest years. Sometimes they cry, but the minister does not seem to be disturbed. If a little one cries very much, the mother just carries it out, and soothes it and then brings it back into the service. This often happens,



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR CONVENTION IN THE JUBILEE HALL, MALUA, MAY, 1906.

and it does not create any confusion or make any noise, because the doors of the Church are always open for the sake of fresh air; they do not therefore creak or bang. The mothers, too, can always, creep out quietly, because, as you will remember, they go barefoot; they are not in the habit of wearing boots.

But I was saying nearly all the children of Samoa attend the Sunday Schools, about eight thousand of them altogether. The pastor is usually the superintendent, and he will have several teachers to help him. They will not be as many as in a well-managed school in England, but, on the whole, they are good teachers. They have a large number of children in each class, which is not a very good thing, because so much time has to be spent in simply keeping order, but the teachers, to a certain extent, make up for this. They are good teachers, the best that can be found in Samoa. Some of them are girls and women who have been taught in the High Schools at Papatua and Atauloma; some are former students of the Malua Institution, and

others "old boys" of the Leulumoega High School. Most of the teachers not only love Jesus, which of course is the *most* important thing, but they also have some idea how to teach, which, too, is important.

There are no separate schoolrooms in Samoa, with good classrooms for the senior scholars. School is held in the Churches, and all the teaching is given in one room. You are much more fortunate, in this respect, than the brown children.

But in some ways they have the same advantages as you. They hear about the same Lord Jesus Christ. They learn how He loved little children, and how He loves them. They learn that they should love Him and try to please Him, at home, at school, at play. They are taught to be thankful that missionaries have brought the Gospel to Samoa, and to show their gratitude by helping to *send* missionaries, or by *going* themselves as missionaries, to New Guinea and other parts of the Pacific.

They have the same lessons, too, which you have, those which are called *The International Scripture Lessons*; and in order that the teachers may be helped in their preparation, some eight or ten columns of *Lesson Notes* are printed each month in the Mission Magazine, *The Torch*.

Now let me tell you about the *Samoa Christian Endeavour Union*. Its Samoan name is *O le Faatasiga o le 'Au Taumafai o Samoa*,' which means, "The joining together of the Endeavouring Band of Samoa."

Some of you are Junior *Endeavourers*, but for those who are not, I would just like to say that the objects of the Christian Endeavour movement is to help young people to lead more earnest Christian lives, to know one another better, and to *do* more for Christ. Whether a

Society is in England or America or Australia or little Samoa, that is its object.

The first Christian Endeavour Society in Samoa was formed on July 10, 1890, at Malua, about *nine* years after the Rev. F. E. Clark founded the very first Society of all, at Portland, in the State of Maine, in the United States of America, and only *three* years after the late Rev. A. W. Potts established at Crewe the first C.E. Society in Great Britain. So you see, Samoa was not very far behind in this matter. The movement has grown very considerably; the number of societies has gradually increased, and the number of members in the separate societies have also increased. At the present time, the parent society at Malua has 150 members, and that at Matautu in Savaii has 111, whilst there are six others with over 40 members in each. Last year a neat Christian Endeavour hymn-book was printed on the Mission Press, containing over fifty Samoan hymns.

There are twenty-six Societies in all in German Samoa, not to mention others in American Samoa and the Ellice and Tokelau Groups, and these twenty-six Societies have a total membership of 936. These Societies were formed into the *Samoa Christian Endeavour Union* on May 12, 1904. The Rev. J. E. Newell was elected to be the first President, and Pastor Saanga, the senior native tutor at Malua, was appointed to be the first General Secretary.

You will be interested in the picture that is given here of the badge. You may have a badge of your own, or at least you have seen one, a small brooch with the letters *C.E.*, to pin on to your dress or coat. These would not be suitable for the Samoans; they would soon be lost, and they would cost too much. So the badge there is different. There are two sorts. One, for the Officers (the Presidents and Secretaries), is a piece of *white ribbon*, printed with the words you see in the



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR CONVENTION. (A FRONT VIEW.)

picture in *red* letters; and the second, to be worn by all other members, is a piece of *blue linen*, with the same words printed in *gold* letters. "*O le Faatasiga C mo Samoa*" means *the Christian Endeavour Union for Samoa*, and "Mo Keriso ma lana Ekalesia," is the C.E. motto, "For Christ and His Church." You will see the same motto on a flag in another picture in this book. It was a flag that was being carried in the long London Missionary Society Procession soon after Upolu and Savaii became a German Colony. These badges only cost 10 pfennige in German money, about 1*d.* in our money; so if they are lost or worn out, another can easily be bought.



THE BADGE OF THE SAMOA C.E. UNION.

Next we come to the *Watchers' Band*. I wonder whether you all know what that is. I think I should like to tell you, in case you do not. Some of you may not have seen the *Manual*, and the *List of Missionaries* and *Birthday Almanac* which it publishes. You may not have thought they were for children, but I want you to know that they are.

Now the *Watchers' Band* is the Prayer Union of the London Missionary Society. Its object is to *band together in prayer all who are interested in the work of the Society*. Members are asked to pray one week for

India, another for China, the next for Africa, and the next for Madagascar, New Guinea, Polynesia, and British Guinea (do you know where all these places are); and when there is a fifth week in the month, members are asked to pray for the Home Workers, and workers in other Missions.

The *Manual* gives a lot of useful information about Mission Stations, and the *List of Missionaries* does the same, but it also tells you how long and where the Missionaries have been at work. If you get these and study them, you will not only be able to ask God to bless the missionaries, but you will be able to ask Him to prosper the work of the particular missionaries who are working in some particular place. And the more you pray, the more you will want to know about them.

If you love Missions, you will also be interested in the *Birthday Almanac* which is printed with the *List of Missionaries*. You can't write to all whose birthdays are given; there are too many of them. But I will tell you what you might do. Every year a missionary comes to your Church or Sunday School. Mark his (or her) name in your *Almanac*, and when his birthday is coming, write a little letter to him. Wish him many happy returns of the day, tell him you remember his visit and wish him every success in his work. He will be so glad to hear from you, and if you are thoughtful enough to add, "Please do not trouble to answer this, because I know you are very busy;" and if you are unselfish enough not to bother him to send you some foreign stamps, he will like your letter all the more.

The *Manual* and the Member's *Pledge Card* have been translated into Samoan, but there are not as yet many members. The reason for this is not that the Samoan Christians do not believe in prayer, and definite prayer too, for Missions, but because ever since the Gospel was first preached to them, they have learned to pray for others almost as

naturally as for themselves, and their prayers for the heathen and those doing missionary work are also very definite, because *The Torch*, which is almost the only newspaper they can understand, tells them so much about the work of God in heathen lands. I think it is even more necessary for us to join the Watchers' Band than for them, and that is why I have spoken so much about it. This is a *children's* book, and so it gives me a good opportunity to explain to you, who are children, what the Band really is. I should like you all to become members. No one values your prayers more than missionaries. I hope there is a Band in connexion with your Church ; if there is, the Secretary will tell you how to join ; but if there is not, do not be afraid to ask your minister. He will help you.

Then lastly comes the *Choir*. Unless you are fortunate enough to have a Children's Choir in connexion with your Church, you girls and boys are not likely to know very much about choir practices. But most of you have practised new hymn tunes for a Sunday School Anniversary, and all of you have had singing lessons, either at a Council School or in connexion with some Public School Glee Club. *You* know how delightful it is to learn new tunes. But it is even a greater delight to the Samoans. They have nothing like as many helpful pleasures as you have. They have no concerts like those to which you are able to go. They have not many interesting books to read. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Ben-hur*, some of Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* and stories like *Aladdin and his Lamp* have been translated into Samoan, but the missionaries can only do this necessary sort of work slowly and in their spare moments. Sometimes a missionary travelling round to visit his District will give magic-lantern lectures, but there must be many Samoans who have not seen a magic-lantern, much less the lifelike pictures of a cinematograph. They have few helpful

pleasures like you have ; but they can sing, and they give themselves heart and soul to it. They sing in their homes, at morning and evening prayers ; they sing in their boats morning, noon and night. If a party travels from one village to another distant one, either the travelling-party or the entertaining one will give a singing display by the dim light of a cocoanut-oil lamp, or of a brighter kerosene-lamp, when that can be got. They are passionately fond, then, of singing, and singing, therefore, is a very important part of their religious services. There is a weekly Choir practice in connexion with most of the village Churches. In their boats they sing old songs, about famous heroes of legendary days, or songs about people who lived in their fathers' or grandfathers' times, and sometimes, if there is a sufficiently clever man in the boat, he will make up a song about some person or thing well known to the crew, who will all join lustily in the chorus. But in Church they sing chiefly hymn tunes like ours ; their rollicking boat tunes are not at all suitable. Sometimes at choir practice the young men who are not Christians will try to introduce these unsuitable tunes, and if the Samoan pastor allows them to have their way, the services on Sunday are largely spoiled and lose much in reverence. But if the pastor is a wise, strong man, he may prevent such tunes being used, and at the same time make the choir practice a means of bringing under Christian influence many who are fond of singing, but have never given their hearts to Jesus. Just as in England, some people who do not love Jesus will come to Church to take part in hearty singing, or as some may come to hear beautiful singing, so in Samoa young men are sometimes won to Jesus through their love of singing, and by means of the choir practice.

Samoan singing is different from ours. Even if they learn an English or German tune, they soon adapt it to their own liking. They do

not sing in parts—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass—as we do, but the leaders will begin the air at a very high pitch, and all the congregation will sing the same air, though at a much lower pitch. It sounds strange at first to those who are not used to it, but the effect is generally pleasing.

Churches, Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavour Societies, and Choirs—what a different story these tell of Samoa from the manners and customs of heathen days.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FOREIGN MISSION WORK OF THE SOUTH SEA CHURCHES

IN the last few chapters we have been talking about the Churches and Schools of Samoa. But what is true of Samoa is also true of many other groups and single islands in the South Seas. In Rarotonga, Mangaia and Aitutaki and the islands to the north (known as the Cook Island Out-stations); in Niuē, Lifu and New Caledonia; in the Gilbert, Ellice and Tokelau groups, and in many parts of New Guinea, there are Churches and Schools like those in Samoa which have been described. All these have been built, and the work in them is being carried on by missionaries and pastors of the London Missionary Society. There are many other workers besides connected with other missionary societies, especially in the Fijian and Friendly and Society Islands, and in the New Hebrides.

(Here I must ask you to turn back again to the map of Polynesia, and refresh your memories by finding all the places that have been named on this page.)

But now I want to speak, not of *home* work done by the natives in their own islands, but of the *foreign* missionary work which they do.

It is one of the happiest results of missionary effort in the South Seas that the native Christians are so eager to become missionaries. If you like anything very much you are sure to talk a lot about it,

aren't you? That is what Jesus meant when He said, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. xii. 34). That is true of these Polynesian missionaries. They are so grateful for the blessings which the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has brought to them and their friends, that they are anxious to go and tell others. They are ready to suffer many hardships and dangers if only they may have the opportunity to go and live and work among the heathen.

In Chapter XIII I told you that a large number of Malua students have become missionaries, and a good proportion of those who leave the Institution year by year are still offering to go abroad in this good cause. As I know most about the missionary work of Samoans, I can tell you best about it. But first of all, you may be interested to hear what other natives of the South Seas are doing in this respect.

Let us take the *Cook Islands* first. This group belongs to Great Britain, and is under the Government of New Zealand. The three largest islands are Rarotonga, Mangaia and Aitutaki. All the people here have been brought under Christian instruction. Churches and schools have been built, and missionaries and pastors and teachers are doing faithful work. But the people have not been selfish. The Rarotongan Institution makes missionaries as well as ministers, and sends them to the Northern Out-stations and to British New Guinea. These Rarotongan teachers have done splendid work. In the next chapter I must tell you about Ruatoka, the most famous of them all. Now I want you to learn something about the Out-stations. They include several islands, amongst them being *Manihiki*, *Penrhyn*, *Rakaanga* and *Pukapuka* (or *Danger Island*).

These islands lie six hundred miles to the north of the Cook group, from which the Gospel was carried to them. The people of Manihiki *first* heard of Jesus from a Tahitian sailor, who had been educated at

a Mission school. He afterwards joined a whaling vessel, but deserted at Manihiki. He did not lead a good life there, but he told the people what he knew about God, and about "the word and rule of Jesus, the Son of God."

Later on a large party of the natives left Manihiki for Rakaanga, thirty miles away. But a great storm came on, most of them were drowned, and after many adventures a few of those that were left were taken on board the *John Williams* to Aitutaki. Here they stayed for a fortnight, living with Christian natives, and hearing more about Jesus. They asked that native teachers might be sent back with them, and two were appointed. This was in the year 1848, and these were the first native missionaries to go from the Cook Islands.

The people of Manihiki gladly listened to these two teachers, and in a few years' time most of the idols were destroyed, churches were built and day schools opened, and soon the greater part of the young people could read, and many of them had been taught to write. From that time Christian work has been steadily carried on, and twice a year an English missionary goes in the *John Williams* to see how the work is progressing, to help the native missionaries, and examine the school children.

The first Rarotongan missionaries to New Guinea were sent in 1872; they were a band of ten, five missionaries and their wives, and since that year about seventy couples must have gone to work in that dark land. Many of them have died of fever; some have been killed; but others have always been willing to take their places The Rev. J. K. Hutchin tells of one who lost his wife and child through the terrible New Guinea fever, and yet in his sorrow wrote; "It is a work of joy to me to be here in New Guinea, doing the work of Christ our Master."

At the present time there are thirty-eight of these Cook Island missionaries, with their brave wives, working earnestly in New Guinea.

There is also a Training Institution for Native Ministers on the island of *Niuē*, where the Rev. F. E. Lawes has worked for nearly forty years.

Niuē is only a small island, with about 4,500 inhabitants, but it has sent faithful missionaries to New Guinea, and continues to send them. If there were more vacancies the Niuēans would be glad. Only last year six offered to go, but four had to be refused, not because there is not room for them to work in New Guinea, but because the missionaries there have not enough money to keep on beginning new work. Does it not seem a pity? Facts like this ought to make us



THE "NIUĒ," PRESENTED TO THE NEW GUINEA MISSION BY THE PEOPLE OF NIUĒ, IN 1891.

resolve to do all we can to help by prayer and gifts. Little Niuē would like to do more. Can't *we* ?

You will be interested, too, to hear of another way in which the people of Niuē have shown their love for missionary work in New Guinea. In 1891 they collected enough money to buy a fine little



THE NEW "NIUĒ," BUILT IN 1905.

vessel, called the *Niuē*, after the name of their own island, and they gave it as a present to the New Guinea Mission. You see, these Niuēans have followed your good example. The boys and girls of England have collected large sums of money to build and support the Mission Ships, especially those named after that great and good missionary, John Williams. You and those who were children before

you have bought and given them one after another to the London Missionary Society; and that is exactly what the Niuēans did, so far as they were able. They bought and gave the *Niuē* for work in New Guinea, and you may find its name in the list of *Our Missionary Fleet.*

Foreign missionary work is also being done by the natives of the *Loyalty Islands.* These islands now form a French colony, and have only one missionary of our Society, the Rev. J. Hadfield, who has worked on the island of Lifu for nearly thirty years. There is a Pastors' Training Institution on that island, and not only are home ministers trained there, but also missionaries for New Caledonia. The Gospel of Jesus was first carried to New Caledonia about 1840 by a Samoan teacher from the island of Tutuila, named Fauvasa. He was not very successful, and through no fault of his own he was obliged to return to Samoa; but he had made a beginning, and that was something. Later on, the work was taken in hand from the Loyalty Islands. Most of it is now carried on by French Protestants, but Loyalty Islanders are still there as missionaries and Loyalty Islanders' money is still given for their support.

But the Samoans, together with the Rarotongans, have been the mainstay of native missionary effort in the South Seas. Like the Rarotongans they have worked their own Out-stations, and they have sent many of their number, husbands and wives, to help forward the work of Christ in New Guinea. At the present time there are thirty-one Samoan missionaries and their wives in that island.

Until the year 1900 the Out-stations of the Samoan Mission included the *Gilbert, Ellice and Tokelau Groups.* These you will find on the north and north-west of Samoa, the Gilberts being furthest away, about 1,000 miles from Samoa, and near the equator. But in 1900 the Rev. W. E. and Mrs. Goward were appointed to take charge

of the Gilbert Islands, or rather, those islands of the group which are south of the equator. The islands north of the equator have been worked by American missionaries. Here is another instance of work which our Society is unable to take up, for the American missionaries are now anxious to hand over to us their work in these islands; they asked Mr. Goward if the London Missionary Society would take over the whole group, but the Directors most unwillingly have been obliged to say "No," on account of the expense.



NEW GUINEA WARRIORS.

Since 1900 Mr. and Mrs. Goward have been able to do a remarkable work. They have established a Pastors' Training Institution, in which many Gilbertese youths are being trained to be ministers amongst their own countrymen.

Let me give you in a few words the missionary history of the *Gilbert Islands*. They were added to the Samoan Mission in 1870, by the Rev. S. J. Whitmee, of Samoa, who visited them in *John Williams*

III. Arorae was the first island of the group to be sighted. The people were greatly afraid when they saw the ship. Foreign ships had sometimes called, kidnapped their friends, and taken them away, against their will, to work in Tahiti and other distant islands; and the Gilbertese were at first afraid that the *John Williams* was a "man-stealing ship." When, however, they found it was a missionary ship they were very pleased, and gladly received a Samoan teacher. His name was Leleifotu, and he and his wife deserve to be remembered as the first Samoan missionaries to the Gilbert Islands.



A PUPIL TEACHER AT THE PAPAUTA GIRLS' SCHOOL, SAMOA.

When Mr. Whitmee sailed for Samoa he had not thought of going to the Gilbert Islands. He wished to visit the Tokelau and Ellice Groups, and then to steer to the north-west to Pleasant Island. After leaving Samoa the first island at which the *John Williams* called was Olosenga, one of the smaller islands of Samoa, and here a strange thing happened. A man named "Sunday" went to Mr. Whitmee and asked to be taken to the Gilbert group.

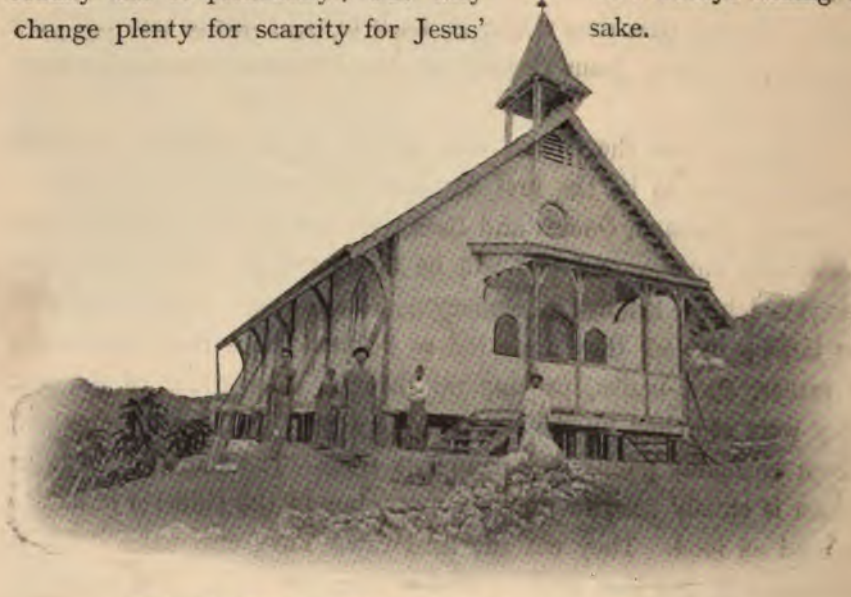
He proved to be a Gilbert Islander who had been forced to leave his home and go to work on a plantation in Tahiti. He was a big, strong man, and had been sent by a Tahitian planter on two voyages to compel other natives to leave home and work in the same way. But at length he quarrelled with the captain, and was put ashore on the island of Olosenga.

Mr. Whitmee had not thought of going to the Gilbert Islands, but when Sunday asked to be taken and said he wanted a missionary to go with him, he changed his plans, and made up his mind to go if the vessel could manage it in reasonable time. On reaching the island of Nui (in the Ellice Group), Mr. Whitmee found two more Gilbertese natives. They had been living on Nui, and become Christians under the teaching of Kirisome, who, as you have already read, had been a student at Malua. These two Gilbert Islanders were waiting for the *John Williams*, that they might go back to their homes and tell their countrymen about Jesus Christ. So Mr. Whitmee was all the more anxious to go.

That was how the Gospel was carried to the Gilberts, and how Leleifotu came to be the first Samoan missionary to settle there.

Arorae, *Tamana*, *Onoata* and *Beru* were the islands visited on that memorable voyage, and you will be interested to hear some of the things which the English missionary heard and saw. The islands were not large; indeed, they appeared to be little more than sandbanks, or rather, coral-banks, peeping up through the surface of the sea. They were scorched by the sun, and very little would grow on them except cocoanut palms and pandanus trees. The pandanus tree in Samoa is chiefly used for making mats, but in the Gilberts it has to be used as food. They eat the fruit raw. They also bake it till it becomes soft, and then make a kind of cake out of it. You would be

amused to see the women doing it. They prepare a lot of these pulpy cakes. Then they put them together while they are soft, and beat them into a sort of fine mat. It is really the same stuff out of which the Samoans make their mats, only the Gilbertese use it as "preserved cake." These cakes are beaten out flat until they are two or three feet wide and six or eight feet long. Afterward they are dried in the hot sun and rolled up. They look for all the world like rolls of leather. They taste something like old dates. Before they are eaten, they are usually softened with water or cocoanut milk. It must look like making leather into soup! That is the chief food of the people, but after all they are used to it. To the Samoan missionaries, however, this scarcity of food was a great trial. In their own land they could get food in abundance, bananas and taro and breadfruits grow so readily and so plentifully; but they were always willing to change plenty for scarcity for Jesus' sake.



MEMORIAL CHURCH, VATORATA, NEW GUINEA. (*See page* 191).

In those days, too, the Gilbertese were a heathen people. Nearly every house had a small piece of land fenced off with large stones stuck in the earth. Inside was a large stone placed on end, and the ground all round was neatly covered with broken coral and fine shells. In front of the upright stone pieces of pandanus fruit and cocoanuts, and cocoanut palm leaves were placed as offerings to their heathen gods.

Many of the people had ugly scars on their bodies, which had been self-inflicted with their sharks' teeth knives or saws, sometimes in fits of passion, but more often under the influence of pain or grief or disappointment. Mr. Whitmee gives an instance of how these wounds are self-inflicted. His interpreter had been buying some of their sharks' teeth spears and knives; only instead of giving money for them, he had paid cloth and shirts and fish hooks. That was the usual way of buying and selling. One man brought a knife, but the interpreter said he did not want any more; he had got enough. The man was so ashamed to have his knife refused in the presence of other people, that he would have drawn it across the fleshy part of his arm and made a jagged wound, had not the interpreter held his hand and promised to buy the knife.

This is the type of heathen people, then, to which Polynesian missionaries have carried the Gospel, and they have had the joy of seeing whole islands give up their idols and welcome Christian teaching. From 1870 till 1900 Samoan missionaries lived and taught in the Gilberts, but in that year Mr. and Mrs. Goward went to live on the island of Beru, and they are training Gilbert Islanders to teach their own people. An institution and schools have been established for native students and their wives; many youths and girls and children are being taught, and great enthusiasm is being shown on every hand.

CHAPTER XVII

MORE FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK

SAMOAN missionaries have worked in the Gilberts. They are still doing splendid work in the Tokelau and Ellice Groups and in British New Guinea.

The *Ellice* and *Tokelau* Islanders are descended from the Samoans, and many of their islands were peopled by Samoans, who either travelled or were banished to them, perhaps hundreds of years ago. This is a great help to mission work, for the people can understand the Samoan language and read Samoan books. It is, therefore, much easier for Samoan missionaries to work amongst them than amongst a really foreign people like the Gilbertese.

These two groups have been out-stations of the Samoan mission since Christianity was first made known to them, and they still remain so, being at the present time under the special care of the Rev. J. E. Newell, who visits them in the *John Williams* and helps the people and their missionaries with his advice. This is an excellent arrangement, because most of the Samoan missionaries in these groups have been students under Mr. Newell during the twenty years he has been at the Malua Institution.

Missionary work in the *Tokelaus* was begun in 1861, when two Samoan teachers, Maka and Mafalā, were stationed on the island of Atafu. In the next year Mafalā and some of the people visited the

island of Fakaofo in their canoes and tried to persuade the natives to become Christians. The king, however, was unwilling, and decided that all who wished to accept the new teaching must go away and live on Atafu. So fifty-six of the people started in their double canoes with Mafalā and his friends for Atafu. But a hurricane came on suddenly, as they so often do in the Pacific Ocean, and they were



SOUTH SEA TEACHERS ON THE "JOHN WILLIAMS," GOING TO NEW GUINEA.

obliged to steer with the wind to Samoa, 300 miles away. Here they were kindly received, and finally taken back to Atafu. Since then the good work has gone steadily forward in the three small groups of coral islands which make up the Tokelau group.

There are eight groups of atolls, or small coral islands, in the *Ellice* group, and missionary work was begun there in a most romantic way.

In 1861, the year in which Mafalā and Maka went to Atafu, a canoe left the island of Manihiki, which you will remember was in the Penrhyn group, one of the Rarotongan Out-stations. It contained six men, two women, and one child, who had been to a meeting of Christians on the island of Rakaanga, only thirty miles away. They had almost reached home when a gale sprang up, and they were driven back. They tried to return to Manihiki, but they passed it in the darkness of the night. They actually drifted about in the open sea in their little canoe for more than seven weeks. They caught two sharks and one sea bird, but nearly all that time they had only cocoanut to eat, and probably all would have perished of thirst had not a shower of rain come and given them a supply of fresh water. During the whole voyage they had prayers regularly, morning and evening. Four of their number were members of the Church, and one, Elekana, was a deacon.

At last on the eighth Sunday they were able to reach land. One man, one woman, and the little child had perished, and soon after they landed, another of the company died. The other five, including Elekana, were saved. They found that the island which they had reached was Nukulaelae, one of the Ellice group, more than 1,300 miles from their own island of Manihiki.

They were kindly received by the people, and in return for their kindness Elekana told them about the true God and about the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. The people of Nukulaelae felt that He must be a true God if He could watch over Elekana and his companions and save them from so many perils. They gladly listened to Elekana, and would only let him leave them on condition that he would go to Samoa and bring them back a teacher.

That was the way in which the Gospel first reached the Ellice

Islands, and I am sure you will say it shows the truth of that hymn which you sometimes sing :—

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform ;
> He plants His footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.

Elekana kept his promise. He went to Samoa ; for three years he stayed there as a student at the Malua Institution, and he must be counted as one of the most remarkable men of all who have been students there. After his three years' training he returned to Nukulaelae, with two Samoan teachers and their wives. One was left on Nukulaelae, another on Funafuti, and Elekana himself was stationed at Nukufetau.

From that time the work has been carried on throughout the whole group by Samoan teachers, visited and helped each year by English missionaries from Samoa. In 1904 the population was 3,606, of whom 1,139 were children at school, and there were more than 1,000 church members. Each island is under the care of a Samoan pastor, who also has charge of the village school.

But the work still goes forward. The young men are most eager to be well educated, and a large High School has recently been opened for them on the island of Vaitupu. For the present the older and more clever girls are to be taken to Samoa and trained at the Atauloma High School in Tutuila. Mr. Newell went to Vaitupu to be present at the opening service of this school in July, 1905, and though a Sixth Standard entrance examination had to be passed, and an entrance fee to be paid, yet fifty-five boys and young men were received into the school. Eight girls were taken to Atauloma, three youths to the Leulumoega High School, four boys to the Boarders' Class in

Malua, and double the number wanted to be taken. The school motto is :—" E aogā mo le Alii ; ua saunia mo galuega lelei uma." (" Meet for the Master's use ; prepared unto every good work.")



A SAMOAN MISSIONARY IN NEW GUINEA.

There are also, as we have seen in the previous chapter, more than seventy Polynesian missionaries, with their wives, in NEW GUINEA, including those from the Cook Islands, Samoa and Niuē. The first missionaries to New Guinea were natives who had been trained in the L.M.S. Institution at Tahaa, one of the Society Islands. But they were followed almost immediately by eight teachers from the Loyalty Islands, who were taken out under the care of Mr. McFarlane and Mr. Murray in 1871 ; and to them really belongs the great honour of being the first Christian teachers to do regular missionary work in New Guinea.

From that date to the present time there has been an unbroken succession of Polynesian missionaries to the big island. As often as the *John Williams* has voyaged from the islands of the Pacific to New Guinea, so often has it carried Pacific island missionaries. They have many difficulties to meet and dangers to face. They go to a

land two thousand miles or more away from home. They have hard and strange languages to learn. They run the risk of catching the terrible New Guinea fever. They have to leave their little children behind in Samoa, because the climate is so bad. The peoples amongst whom they live are savages and cannibals. Many who have gone have died at their work; some have been cruelly murdered. But the supply has never failed. Men may come, and men may go, but the work of God goes on for ever. That is the spirit in which they offer themselves for service, and so you will not be surprised that God has wonderfully helped them in their work and made them a great blessing to New Guinea.



RUATOKA.

Since 1871 British missionaries have been sent out in larger numbers, and the New Guinea Mission has been guided by James Chalmers, Dr. McFarlane, Dr. Lawes, and many other faithful missionaries. As one result of their labours, many Papuan pastors have been trained (Papua is the native name for New Guinea), especially in the Institution at Vatorata, so that at the present time there are as many Papuan pastors as there are Polynesian teachers working in New Guinea. This is a splendid thing, but New Guinea is so large and so many tribes

are still heathen that Polynesian teachers will be needed for many years to come.

Let me mention one of these Polynesian teachers. It would be possible to speak of the grand work that *many* of them have done, but I will tell you a little of *one* who laboured for many years and died only a short time ago. His name was *Ruatoka*. He was a Rarotongan, and went out for the first time to New Guinea in 1872. He was sent with fear and trembling, because he was in bad health and seemed to be very weak. But he begged very hard to go, and God spared him to the work for more than thirty years. Mr. Lovett, in the *History of the London Missionary Society*, says of him: "No reader of Mr. Chalmers' thrilling books needs to be reminded of Ruatoka's wonderful career. No higher praise can be afforded him than that he is probably the noblest of the long succession of Eastern Polynesian teachers who have done such grand service for New Guinea."



TABLET ERECTED IN THE JUBILEE HALL, MALUA.
(*See translation, page 191.*)

But Ruatoka was only one of "the noble army" of those

> Who climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
> Through peril, toil and pain.

There have been some who have yielded to temp-

tation and failed in the work, but others have been splendidly successful, and the great majority have been earnest and sincere.

I am glad to tell you that of late years their faithful service has been recognized by Christian people of other lands, who have erected two beautiful memorials of their work. One is a marble tablet to be seen in the Jubilee Hall at Malua, Samoa, and the other is the beautiful Memorial Church at Vatorata, New Guinea (*see illustration*, p. 182).

The tablet was subscribed for by Christian people in New South Wales and Victoria, and if I translate the Samoan words which you may see on it in the picture in the previous page, that will tell you all about it:—

A MEMORIAL FOR THOSE WHO HAVE DIED IN NEW GUINEA.

A MEMORIAL IN REMEMBRANCE
OF THE SAMOAN BRETHREN,
SAMOAN PASTORS AND THEIR WIVES
WHO DIED
IN THE DOING OF THE WORK OF GOD IN NEW GUINEA,
BEGINNING FROM THE YEAR 1883
TO THE YEAR 1900.

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED IN THE LOVING THOUGHT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS IN NEW SOUTH WALES AND VICTORIA IN AUSTRALIA FOR SAMOA AND THE NORTH-WEST OUT-STATIONS, WITH THE DESIRE TO SHOW THEIR JOY IN THE VIGOUR AND COURAGE OF THE CHURCH IN THESE COUNTRIES IN THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS TO NEW GUINEA.

That tablet was erected in honour of the *Samoan* missionaries and their wives, but the Memorial Church at Vatorata is in honour of *all the Polynesian* teachers who have lived and died in God's work. The Church was opened *free of debt* in July, 1900.

Under the porch on either side of the entrance are two shield-shaped tablets, with an inscription in English on one, and in native Motuan on the other. The English one reads: "THIS CHURCH IS ERECTED TO THE GLORY OF GOD IN MEMORY OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS WHO CAME TO NEW GUINEA AS MISSIONARIES AND DIED IN FAITHFUL SERVICE. 1871-99."

The Church has ten double stained glass windows, five at each side, and also three at one end, with the names of the eighty-two teachers who have died in New Guinea inscribed on a scroll.

So you will see that the good work of these faithful South Sea teachers is being honoured, and it is worthy of all the honour that can be given to it.

Now, boys and girls, we have come to the end of our long talk. It has been a very pleasant one to me. I hope it has been pleasant to you, and helpful too. We have talked chiefly about Samoa, but what has been said of Samoa is true in many respects of other South Sea islands and island groups.

We have seen that little more than a hundred years ago none of these peoples had heard of Jesus. The islands were beautiful for situation, and might well be called *pearls*. We have also seen how the Gospel of Jesus has changed them for the better, and made many of the people who live in the islands more *pearl-like*, more pure in their lives and character. Having seen this, I hope you will be more interested than ever in missionary work in all parts of the world, and that you will join in the prayer that, in God's good time, "THE KINGDOM OF THE WORLD SHALL BECOME THE KINGDOM OF OUR LORD, AND OF HIS CHRIST: AND HE SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER."

Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.



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